

LIFE



MERRY CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER 25, 1939

10 CENTS



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THE HARDY FAMILY, the whole kit and kaboodle of them, have moved in next door to practically everybody in this country—and established themselves in our hearts as the most human, pesky, yet altogether pleasant pack of neighbors anybody ever had.

Ever since Mickey Rooney first went to Lewis Stone for a little confidential, man to man advice...ever since Fay Holden first tried

to plaster Mickey's cowlick down, or take some of the shine off his blue serge suit...we've all had a swell time peeking at our new neighbors, the Hardys, through the window-shades, spying out what they're having for dinner, who they're going out with, eavesdropping on their family quarrels and poking our noses into their business in the good old gossipy American way. Too bad Mark Twain never lived to see an Andy Hardy picture.

You can't help liking a real human kid who takes to "swing" as naturally and honestly as he takes to the measles...and pulls through both with no ill effects. You can't help liking a family that meets each new crisis with fortitude and real down-to-earth humor...whether it's a new girl-friend for Andy, a new dilemma for the Judge or just another squabble about who'll do the dishes.

There's something solid about the Hardy family. "Judge Hardy & Son" is their newest and best adventure. It's mighty well worth seeing! Watch for it at your favorite theatre!



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

JUDGE HARDY & SON

with

LEWIS STONE · MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER · FAY HOLDEN

Original Story and Screen Play by Carey Wilson

Directed by George B. Seitz

This One



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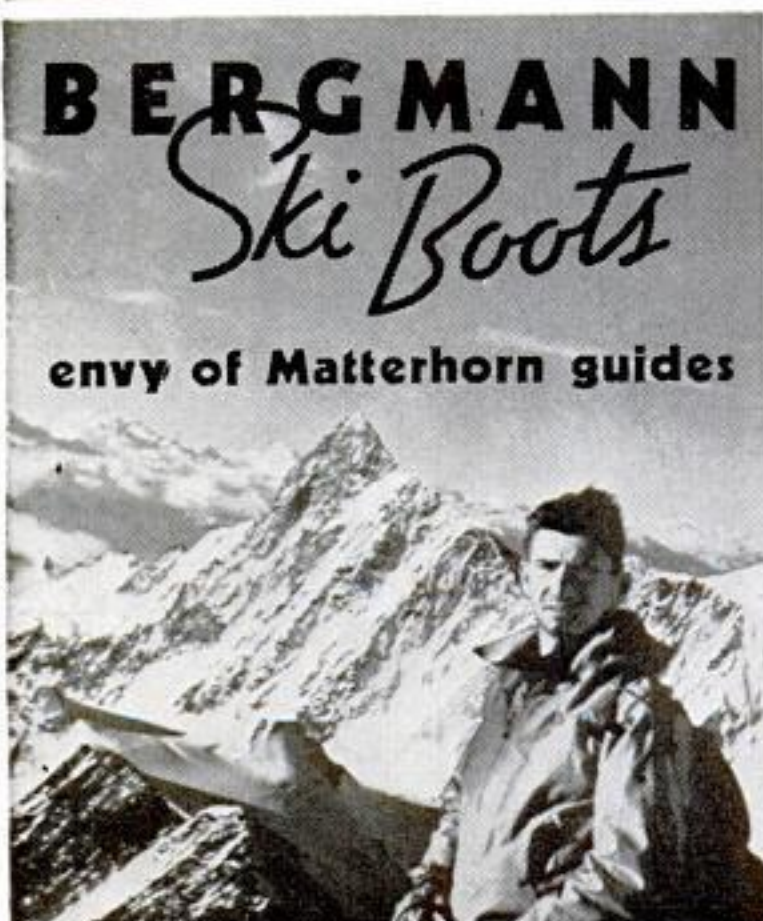
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HEY! THAT'S "NO FAIR"! Hit the puck, not Jimmy's hand. And as for you, Jimmy: ask mother to treat that skinned knuckle and then to put on a Band-Aid to help protect it. Band-Aid is a ready-made band-



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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE — WITHOUT CALOMEL

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Jump Out of Bed
in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢.

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COLDS
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STANBACK
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In use 28 years! Millions used yearly!
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Jewish Taunt

Sirs:

In the Dec. 4 issue of LIFE you published the picture of a German mine, saying that the taunt painted on it read literally: "If I give good guidance, Churchill will be in great distress." As a matter of fact, however, the word "Pleite"—translated by LIFE as meaning "distress"—is not a German word at all, but a Jewish one, meaning "bankruptcy."

It is amusing to note that the German rearmament workers are still using Jewish slang words, using them as a fetish in this "Aryan" war.

With best regards and many thanks to LIFE for many good and enlightening hours.

ERIKA MANN

Omaha, Neb.

American Mutiny

Sirs:

In your Dec. 11 issue Mr. Monte T. Smith of Louisville, Ky., makes the rash statement that the American Navy, unlike the British, has never had a mutiny. I too am 100% American but the truth must be told. There was a mutiny in the United States Navy. Midshipman Philip Spencer (son of a Secretary of War), Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell and Seaman E. Small were hanged at the yardarms of the U. S. brig *Somers* on the high seas by order of Commander Mackenzie. This execution occurred on Dec. 1, 1842, for mutiny.

I am also an Associate Member of the United States Naval Institute and dislike to disillusion my fellow member, Mr. Smith, but if he will spend a little time in delving into some of the Naval histories he can find the above incident.

E. LEE DORSETT, M.D.

Webster Groves, Mo.

● The U. S. Navy's only mutiny, if mutiny it was, is still a subject for argument in Navy circles. The *Somers* was manned mostly by boys in their teens. Its commander, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, was a martinet who never missed an opportunity to flog his young crew. On the way home from Africa, on the slave-trade patrol, he heard that Midshipman Spencer, son of John Canfield Spencer, Secretary of War in President Tyler's cabinet, was plotting a mutiny. One look at Spencer, who was wearing an "infernal expression," convinced the Commander of his guilt. No time was lost in hanging him and two other culprits. When the *Somers* returned to the U. S., Commander Mackenzie was court-martialed for murder and acquitted. The Navy takes some solace for this blot on its history in the fact that mutinous Midshipman Spencer was connected with the War Department. —ED.

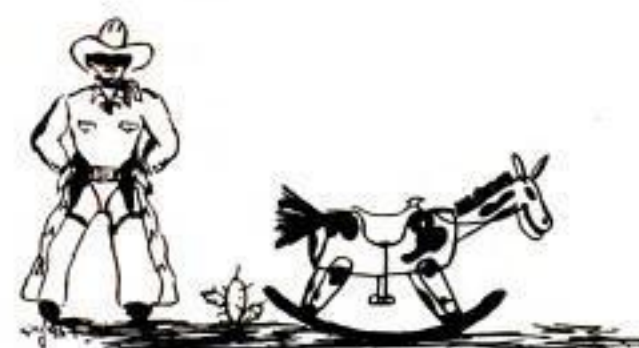
Family Discussion

Sirs:

While the family was discussing the situation in Europe, I happened to sketch this drawing and thought it interesting enough to send it to you (see picture).

PAT DI LUZIO

Roxbury, Mass.



The Only Man to Save Europe Now.

The Lone Ranger

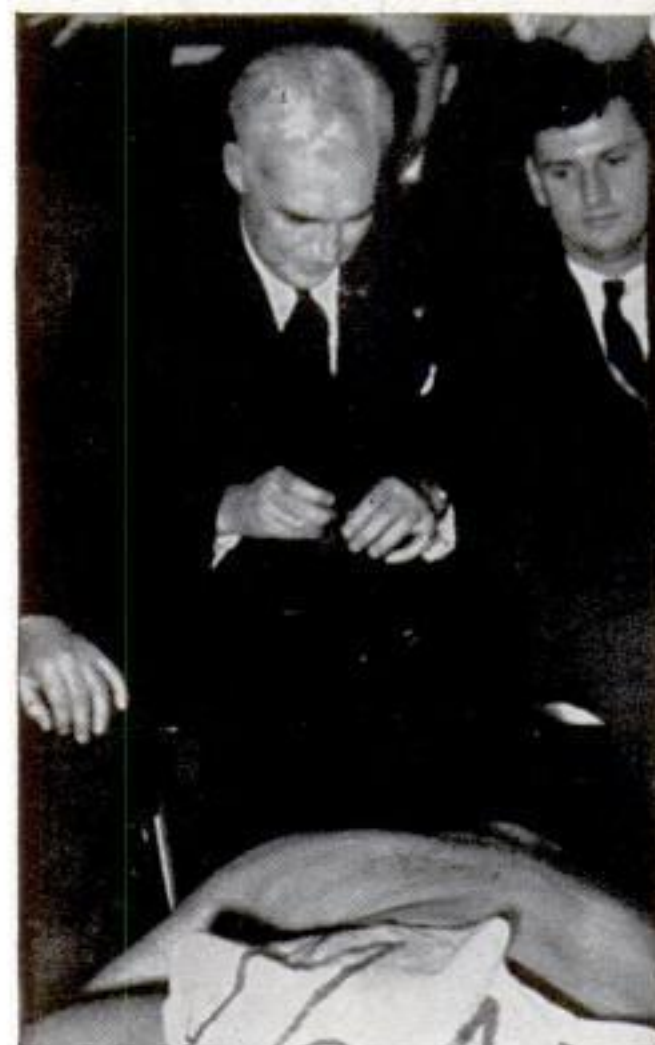
PAT DI LUZIO'S SOLUTION

Barefoot Boy

Sirs:

Having never been to the Philippines, I'm not familiar with their customs, but someone ought to take our barefoot presidential possibility to one side, before he gets too close to the White House, and explain to him that here in the U. S. we try to keep our shoes on in public (LIFE, Dec. 4).

Even our present precedent-breaking President, with his complete disregard for



McNUTT

convention, has, so far as I know, managed to keep his shoes on—at least when being photographed.

JOHN NICHOLS

Jersey City, N. J.

Sirs:

They threw a party for Paul McNutt
With wrestling on the bill of fare,
But Paul just sat with his shoe in his lap
Like the little man who wasn't there.

That bruise is mighty near your toe
But if he bites you . . . (lemme think,
lemme think)

Oh hell, just slug him on the nut McNutt.

LARRY HUARD

Station WTIC
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

The democrats always did go in for that "homey" stuff, but taking off one's shoe in public—tut tut!

PERRY G. DUNCAN

Portland, Ore.

● One of the wrestlers grabbed off McNutt's shoe as a weapon to belabor his opponent. In the picture McNutt, having retrieved it, is fussing with the knotted shoelace. —ED.

Evil

Sirs:

Since you have given your readers in Dec. 4 issue of LIFE the technique of cigaret smoking, why not give us the technique of liquor drinking? The young people of today should be adepts in all modern customs. Along with this information, please give the old-fashioned readers something more substantial.

BERTHA M. HAINLINE

Macomb, Ill.

Least Respected Law

Sirs:

The correct method of opening a package of cigarets, as illustrated by Florence Linden in your Dec. 4 issue, is, according to the Internal Revenue Code, against the law. Section 2152 (F) states: "A person having in his possession any emptied or partially emptied box or other package which has been used for tobacco . . . or cigarettes, the stamp or stamps on

which have not been destroyed; shall for each offense be fined not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or imprisoned not less than six months nor more than one year, or both. . . ."

Only by tearing the package across the top could the above be accomplished.

RICHARD C. BAXTER
Wollaston, Mass.

● This law is perhaps the most frequently broken one on the Federal statute books. To satisfy it, Miss Linden advises tearing a bit of the seal. The law also requires that after the package has been emptied, the seal be "destroyed utterly."—ED.

Senatorial Favorite

Sirs:
Our hats are off to LIFE and Peter Stackpole for the cover on the Dec. 4 issue—and our votes go to Miss Marjorie Henshaw as the most photogenic girl to appear on LIFE's covers this year.

We urge you to assign Photoman Stackpole to shoot a double spread of UCLAN Henshaw's activities for a day and evening.

Thanks in advance if you do. Incidentally we are constant readers and subscribers.

"SENATE DOCUMENT
ROOM BOYS"
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Scared

Sirs:
In the Dec. 4 issue, the first look I took at Test Pilot O'Connor wearing his



TEST PILOT O'CONNOR
monstrous contraption (see picture) scared the hell clean out of me.

I'd suggest in the future you put some sort of a surprise notice on the preceding page.

Hoping to see more pictures of beautiful girls in the near future, I remain

T. S. BUCHI
Greenwich, Conn.

No Intermission Wanted

Sirs:
With an epidemic of *Gone With the Wind* premieres about to break out all over the country, I have made a discovery that makes me doubt at least part of the movie moguls' abilities.

The producers of *Gone With the Wind* proudly announce that the picture will run 3 hours and 40 minutes, a record of some kind. Yet, despite all this, there will be an intermission half way through. *The Great Ziegfeld* also had an intermission in the two-day showings. We smoked cigarets for ten minutes and then spent the next ten minutes in the theater trying to gather our thoughts and the story.

I suppose the argument might be brought forward that the length of the picture demands some kind of break in order that the audience receive a rest. However, up here in the Land of Double Features, all our physical beings are quite inured to lengthy stays in the theater.

GERALD J. NOVAK
Dorchester, Mass.

Demoralized

Sirs:
D-%\$#@??:@)&%-\$'XX — you and your pictures of those cherub knees! Demoralizing—that's what I call it!

Now when I meet a charming new girl, what do I do? Do I ask myself: Is she kind and sweet and fine? Is she good to her mother? Is she understanding and unselfish? What kind of a wife and mother would she make?

I do not! All I worry about is: has she cherub knees? Already I've had my face slapped six times.

-&%\$#@::?/?%#\$ — you and your cherubic knees!

PUPIE CLATER
Long Island City, N. Y.

Actor's Cherubs

Sirs:
Cherub knees!!!
Why pass up such precious knees as those of John Barrymore [LIFE, Dec. 4]? Just to be different, or probably significant of his dual personality, his left



BARRYMORE'S KNEES
knee pictures a perfect Negress, while the right shows a dapper gentleman—beret, mustache, Imperial.

Naturally, I expect no remuneration whatsoever for this observation.

GERTRUDE FORBES
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:
Don't I see Hitler and Mussolini, respectively, in John Barrymore's knees?
SIDNEY ROBIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

How to End the War

Sirs:
In order to ameliorate the existing world situation in such a way as to benefit the majority of nations, some of my colleagues and I have formulated the following plan:

1. Declare an armistice between Germany and the Allies before they exhaust themselves.
2. Declare an armistice between Japan and China with a compromise settling the present dispute and territorial problems.
3. Have Germany, Italy and Japan (supported by English and French capital) attack Russia with a simultaneous drive on three fronts, i.e., Germany from the west, Japan from the east and Italy through the Black Sea territory.
4. Upon the defeat of Russia, reassign territories to Germany, Italy and Japan, create a Ukrainian republic as well as a greater racial Poland. After dividing the remaining Russian territory among the attacking powers as dominions, compensate England and France by trade and other economic concessions.

Thus, at the expense of sacrificing one unpopular government, the "have-not" nations are appeased, the "have" nations have greater security, and the "Red Terror" is permanently dispelled.

PAUL D. COOKE
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Librivorous

Sirs:
LIFE is digested by everyone in our family except our one-year-old daughter. I discovered that after she'd eaten half of the cover.

ALICE LARSEN
Washington, D. C.

Come on Family, We're Sitting in the Sun!



● This is the time of year you need Summer sunshine—to help rout colds and sniffles, to build up run-down systems—to give youngsters the ultra-violet they need if bones are to grow strong and straight.

This is the time of year you need a G-E Sunlamp, the nearest thing to glowing Summer sun, and just as effective in producing an abundance of Vitamin D.

G-E Sunlamps are lower than ever in price—and exceptionally handsome. Get one now and use it 5 minutes daily, right through Spring. G-E Sunlamps are easy to handle—and of proven effectiveness. Ask your doctor!

G-E Sunlamps are accepted by the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

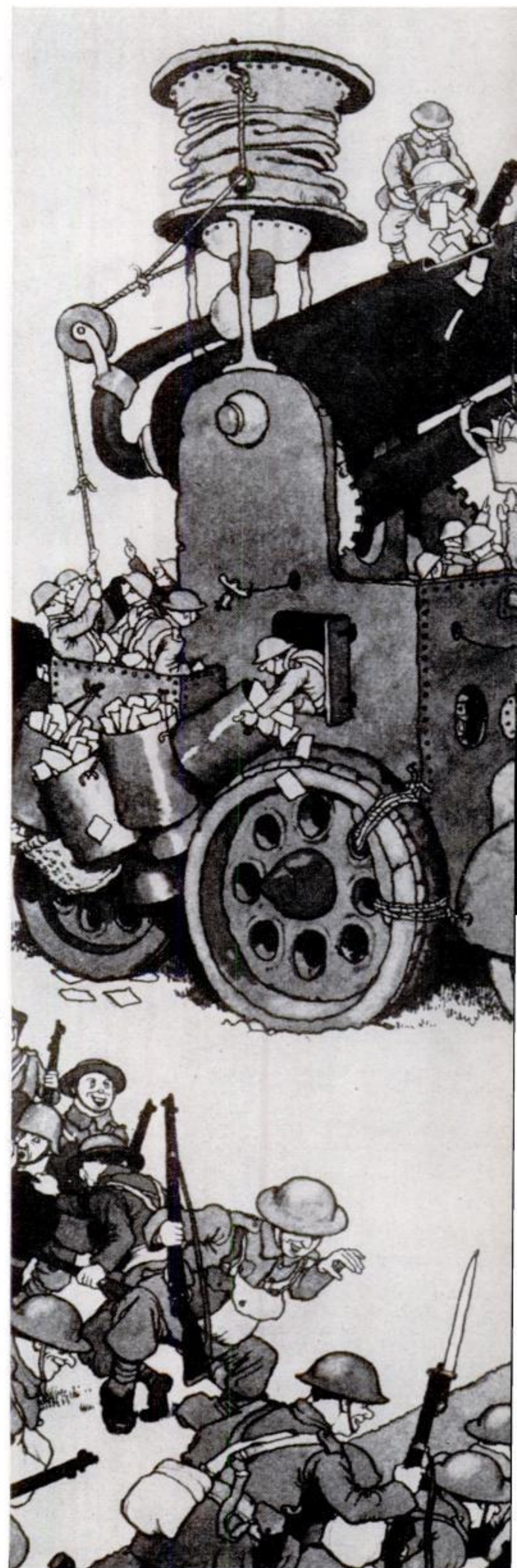
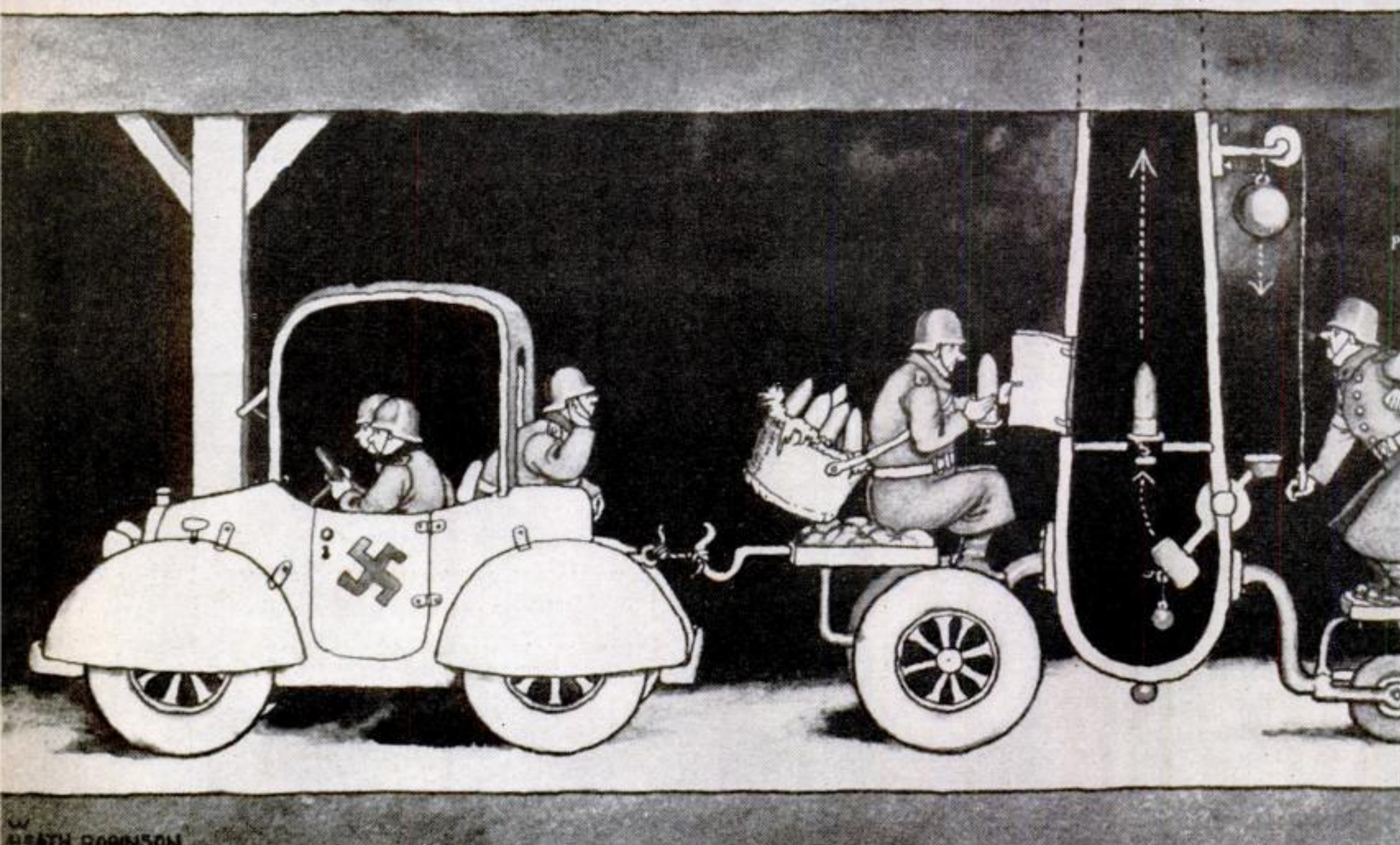
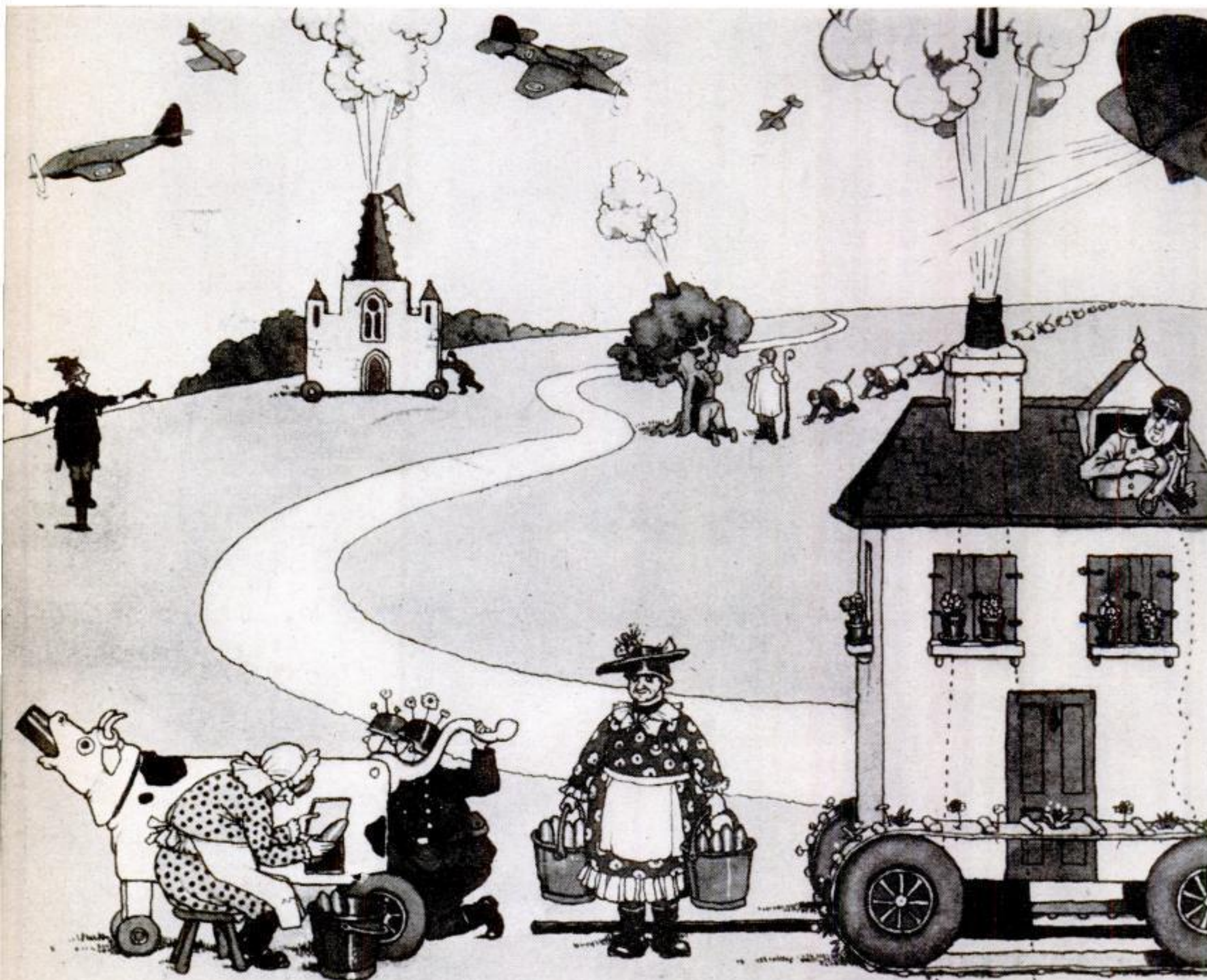
Powerful S-1 type lamp(illustrated) \$29.95 up. New beautiful S-4 type lamps from \$34.95. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . BRITISH CARTOONIST HAS FUN WITH WAR



"Disguised anti-aircraft activities" on the Siegfried Line. German guns, camouflaged as a cow, an old château, a tree and a farmhouse, fire on British planes. Ammunition is carried by a soldier dressed to look like a dairymaid. Shells

loaded into an underground contraption are discharged when a gunner releases a ball that works a hammer that knocks them sky-high up chimney. Outside the fort German troops, disguised as sheep, crawl across an open field.

"Putting down a leaflet barrage before an infantry attack." By means of a huge bellows, a monstrous gun, made out of odd bits of boilers, ash cans and tires, showers British propaganda into the German trenches. The Germans enjoy reading the

Reproduced here are cartoons of the present war by William Heath Robinson, an English artist who made a great reputation in the last War with similar drolleries. They appear weekly in *The Sketch* of London as part of a "To Cheer You Up" section run to buoy the morale of wartime readers.

Now 67, genial Artist Robinson was a noted book illustrator until the World War. He then began drawing cartoons of the alleged frightfulness of the Kaiser's War machine. In his cartoons he invented

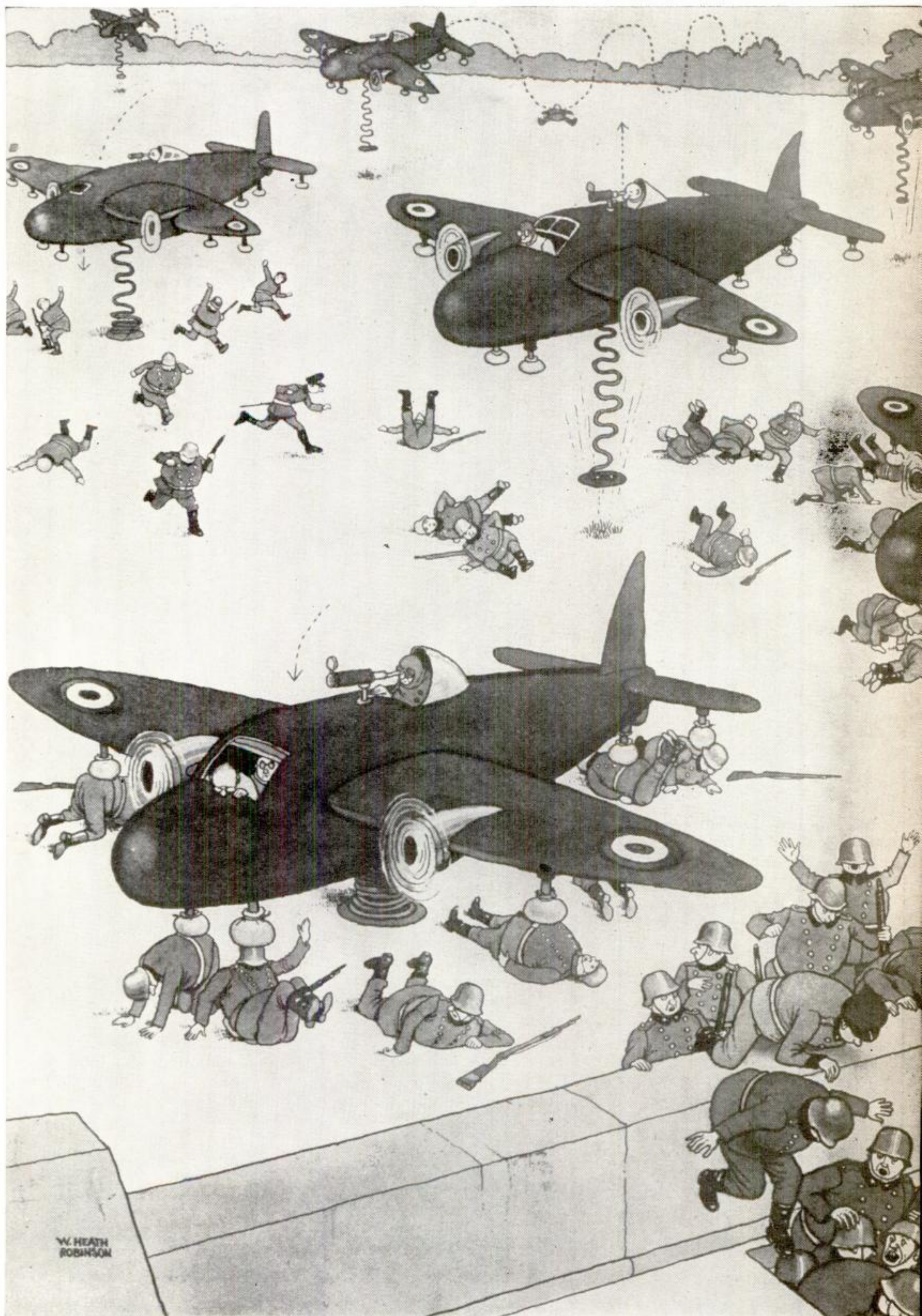
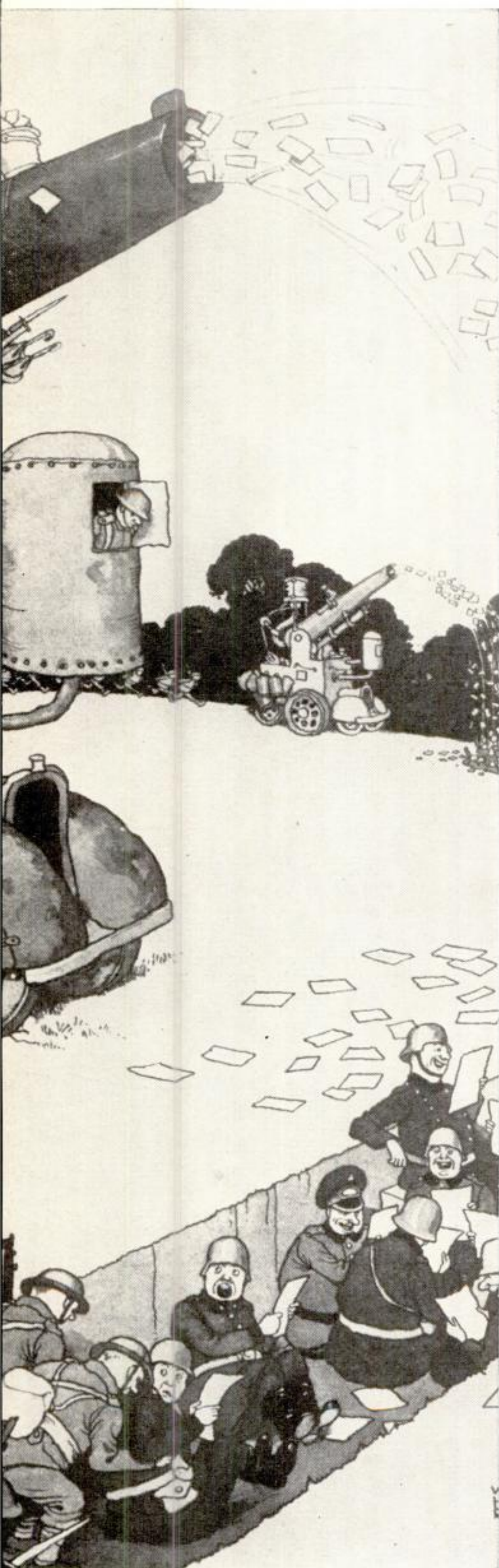
unearthly devices to counteract German efficiency. One was the "blow bomb" which "blew out the fuses of zeppelin bombs." Another was a "suction tank for drawing the enemy from his dugout."

Soldiers at the front, recalling Robinson's ingenuity, wrote to ask how to deal with rats and cooties.

The start of this war found Robinson at his drawing board, ready to give a repeat performance. Like Rube Goldberg, the American cartoonist, Robinson fills his pictures with mechanical gadgets which

could exist only in the imagination of a comic artist. Broken-down boilers, battered cars and unheard-of cranes are among his props.

Robinson's ability to laugh off war and to take indiscriminate pokes at friend and foe alike is an English trait. German war cartoons are bloodthirsty in their hatred of Britain. French war cartoons are feline in the ridicule they heap upon the Nazis. Somehow, however, English humorists still manage to keep an extra smile on tap for self-ridicule.



"Our new hedge-hoppers in action." Hedgehopping is flying low to machine-gun the enemy. Robinson's revolutionary idea is to attach springs to the British planes so that they can literally hop. When plane hops to within

striking distance of Germans, pile drivers that look like boxing gloves are suddenly released from beneath the plane to smack the Germans down. The German with his hands up in surrender bears a strong resemblance to Adolf Hitler.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES UP GELATINE DIET

Certified tests made at major Hollywood studios add to impressive proof that Knox Gelatine does promote vitality and combat fatigue.



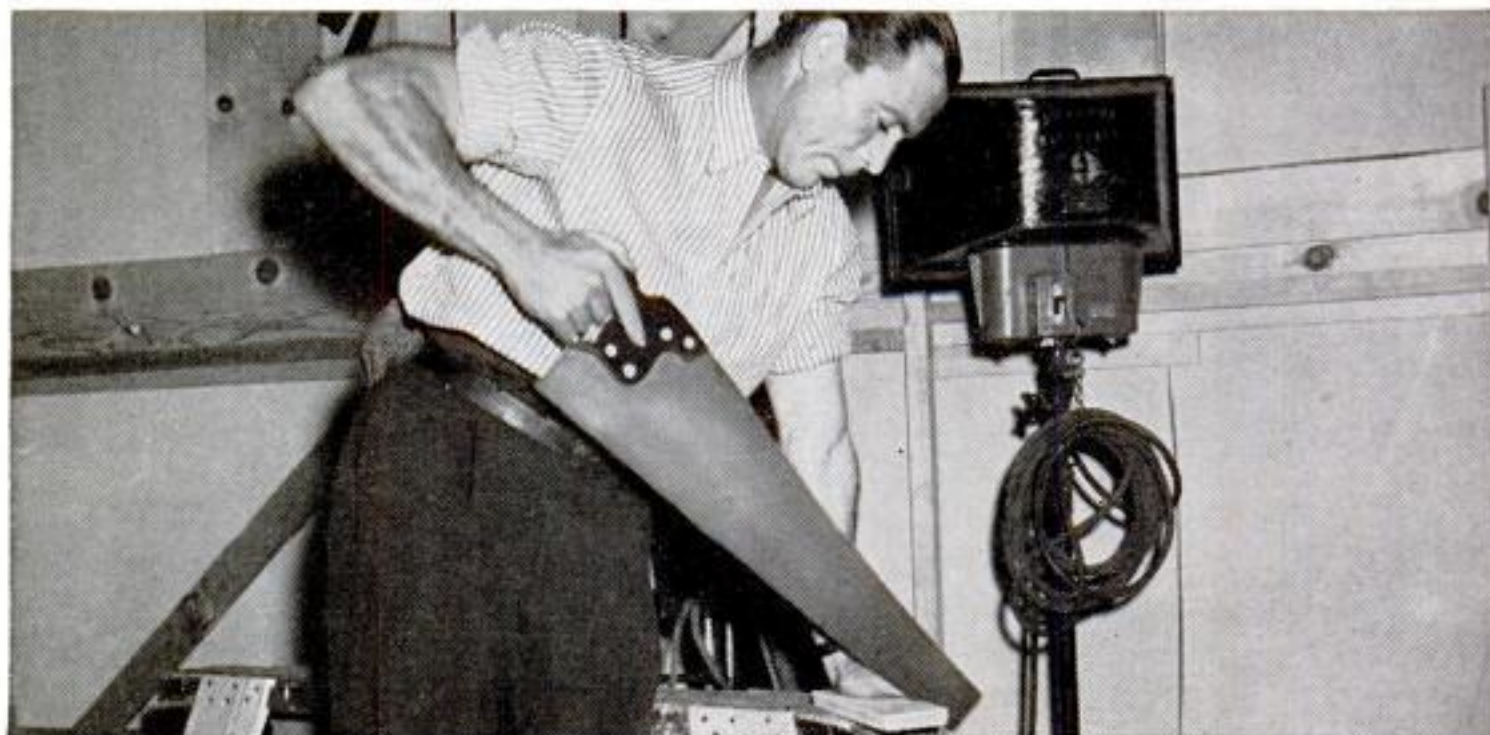
Scene from current RKO picture "Reno"

CASTING DIRECTOR says: "Selecting a cast for a major production is nerve-wracking work. I really needed relaxing exercise at the end of the day, but was too exhausted to make the effort." Now reports taking Knox Gelatine regularly vastly relieved nervous tension. Feels enthusiasm for physical exercise. Far less fatigue after work. Others tested at same studio report similar benefits from taking Knox Gelatine regularly.



Paramount Publicity Writer (center)

"SOCIAL CONTACTS are most important to me. Yet I found myself too fatigued to attend parties or exert myself in any way after actual office hours." Now taking Knox Gelatine regularly. Says that "late hours hold no terrors." Enjoys deeper, more restful sleep; and added vigor keeps her feeling vital and alive throughout the evening. Others in writer group tested are unanimous in praise of Knox Gelatine for greater endurance.



At Paramount Studios

PROPERTY MEN—"GRIPS"—"We're behind the scenes, but our efficiency has a lot to do with the success of a picture. A tired man can make costly mistakes. I used to be so tired after work I couldn't do anything but fall into bed." On the Knox Gelatine routine, says he definitely enjoys more pep and vigor. Sleeps more soundly. Has energy to spare after hard day. Other workers in test group also report they are equally benefited by Knox Gelatine.

Fight Fatigue With KNOX GELATINE



HOW TO TAKE KNOX GELATINE FOR MORE VIM AND ENDURANCE

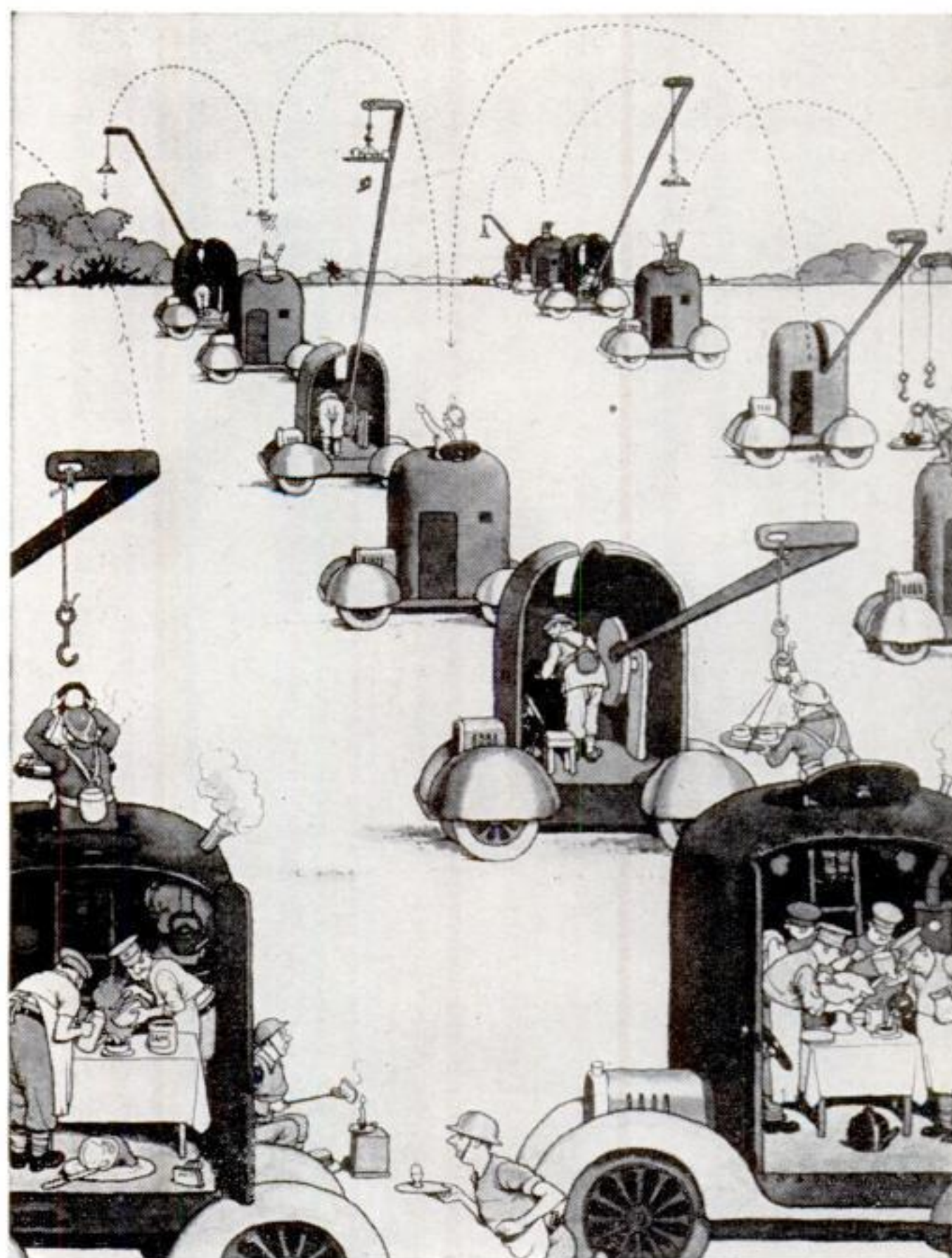
Empty 1 envelope (¾ package) of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 envelopes a day. Take faithfully

for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue and resume when you feel the need.

CAUTION: Be sure to use Knox. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Only Knox is *proved* to have the necessary elements. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Dept. 71.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



"The relay system for conveying light refreshments to advanced posts" of the British Army. The tea and toast are placed on trays which are hoisted by cranes and relayed to the front. In background soldiers can be seen rushing up to get tea.



"Bath night during an air raid." Robinson's theory is that while British bombs are bursting on top of the Siegfried Line, the Germans underground are merrily bathing, shaving and dressing. At the right is an elevator operated by a bellows.

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LIFE'S COVER. Because the sun at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., is dependable, and nearby Hollywood's supply of pretty new faces is almost inexhaustible, LIFE shipped a box of new skating fashions to Los Angeles to be photographed. When the pictures arrived in New York, the prettiest face was that of Katharine Aldridge, no new face to LIFE readers. She now appears on a LIFE cover for the third time. In lambskin coat she throws a real snowball, joins LIFE in wishing its readers a Merry Christmas. For pictures of skating fashions, see pages 46 and 47.

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Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!

*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

"So now I'm an influence in foreign affairs!"

1. John nearly drove me frantic with his "Do's" and "Don'ts" about the dinner for the Ambassador. He was a gruff, crotchety old fellow, and hard to please... but he *could* help John get that diplomatic post!



Copyright, 1939, General Foods Corp.



2. "Don't serve coffee to the Ambassador," John said: "he's one of those who can't drink it. The caffeine keeps him awake!" "I'll remember!" I promised. Well, after dinner...



3. You should have seen John's face when the coffee was served! He thought I'd gone crazy! "Coffee!" the Ambassador snorted. "I love it! But I shouldn't drink it, because if I do, I shan't sleep a wink!"



4. "This coffee can't keep you awake!" I said. "It's Sanka Coffee—97% caffeine-free!" The Ambassador perked up. "How's that? They've taken the caffeine out?" He took a sip. "Ah, delicious! Delightful!"



5. "You nearly gave me heart failure," John said later. "But the Ambassador thinks you're the world's most considerate hostess! And he hopes I'm as diplomatic as you are, because he's getting me that post!"



6. I hope John told the Ambassador that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

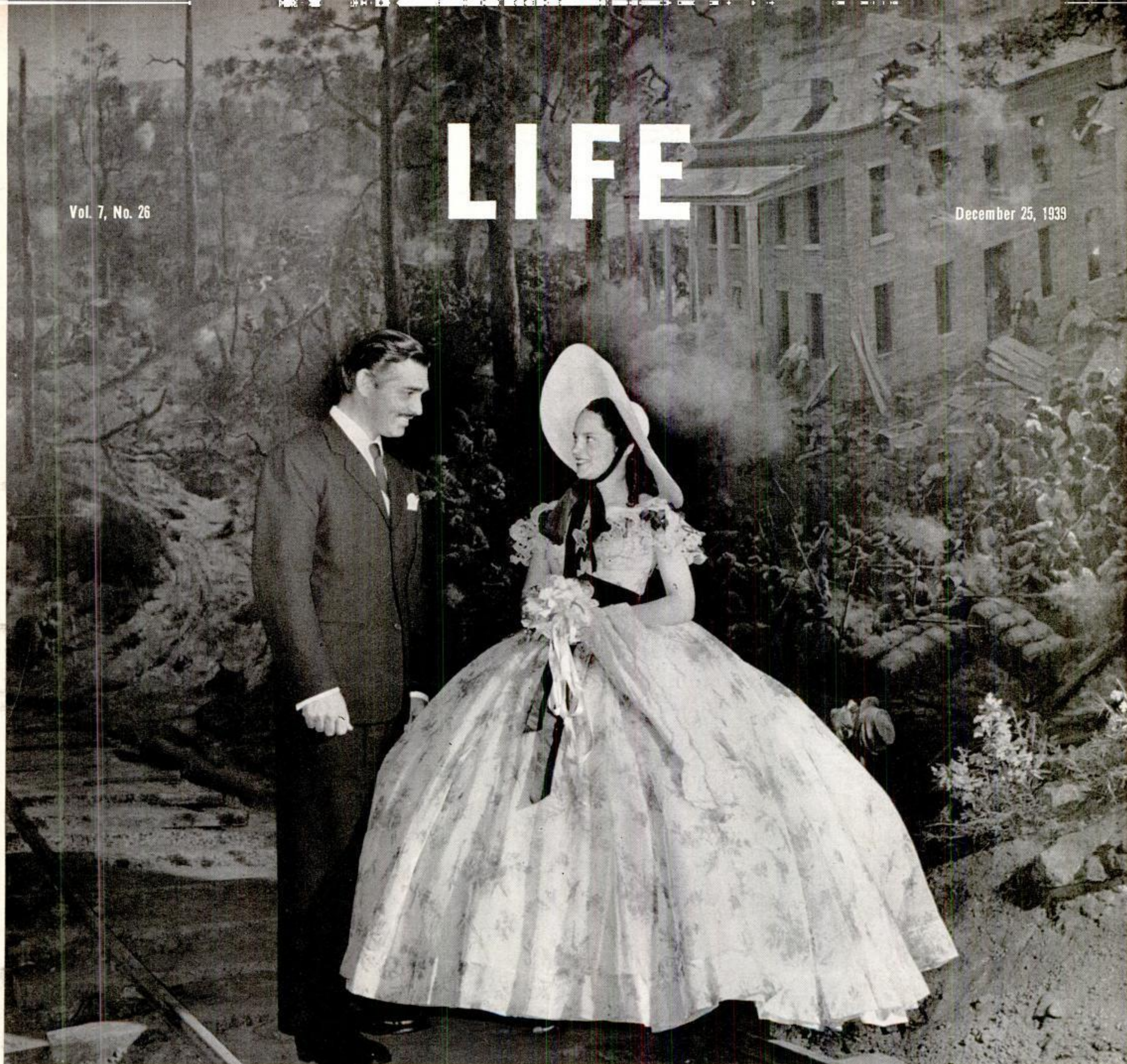


SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

*Now Selling at a New Reduced Price—
the Lowest in History!*

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia Network—see your local paper for time and station.



CLARK GABLE BEAMS ON MARGARET PALMER, LOCAL JUNIOR LEAGUER, AT BATTLE OF ATLANTA CYCLORAMA. SHE IS WEARING SCARLETT O'HARA DRESS FROM FILM

"GONE WITH THE WIND": ATLANTA PREMIERE STIRS SOUTH TO TEARS AND CHEERS



At the premiere, lights played on the façade of the theater, dressed up to represent Twelve Oaks, home of Ashley Wilkes.

In all the South last week, there was no news so important as that Selznick had taken Atlanta with his film version of *Gone With the Wind*. Bringing his principals—Vivien Leigh (Scarlett O'Hara) and Clark Gable (Rhett Butler)—by plane to the Georgia capital, the movie producer held the world premiere of a picture which promises to be a cinema milestone. Atlanta and the South ate it up.

In three and a half years, Margaret Mitchell's epic glorification of the Old South has run to 2,150,000 copies. An Atlanta girl born and bred, this ex-newspaper reporter laid her Pulitzer-Prizewinning story, historically, in Atlanta's backyard and when it finally reached the screen on the night of Dec. 15, 1939, Georgia's capital had been through 24 hours of emotional excitement unmatched since the city's evacuation of 1864.

Happiest girl in Atlanta was pretty brunette Margaret Palmer, whose figure conformed more closely than any other Junior Leaguer's to the measurements of Vivien Leigh. As a result of this lucky accident, Miss Palmer was lent one of Miss Leigh's Scarlett costumes in which to lead the Grand March at the *Gone With the Wind* Ball. Another reward

occurred next day when Miss Palmer inspected the Battle of Atlanta, a cyclorama, in Grant Park in company with the indefatigable Mr. Gable (above).

Night of the premiere, thousands jammed the streets outside theater (left). Loud-speakers announced arrival of distinguished personages among the 2,000 people who for \$10 and up managed to get seats. And when the film went on, cheers went up and tears flowed freely. At the announcement of War (1861), the audience rose to its feet with Rebel yells (*Yee-aay-ee* or *wah-hoo-ee* or *yaaa-yeee*). Bands played *Dixie*, and Atlanta relived American history.

Artistically as well as sentimentally, *Gone With the Wind* was a smash hit in Atlanta. At the end, Margaret Mitchell quavered: "It was a great thing for Georgia to see the Confederates come back." President-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy pronounced "Miss Leigh is Scarlett to the life." The president of Georgia Trust Co. said: "I've been crying and, by God, I'm not ashamed to say so."

Gone With the Wind runs for nearly four hours. This week it opened in New York at two theaters. Newspaper ads announced: "*Gone With the Wind* will not be shown except at advanced prices until 1941."



THE AUTHOR OF "GONE WITH THE WIND" MEETS HER HERO

At Atlanta's Piedmont Driving Club, Margaret Mitchell met Hollywood's incarnation of her hero, Rhett Butler, for the first time. Through all the excitement of the preceding hours Clark Gable had dominated Atlanta's big show. Meanwhile Miss Mitchell, who has never exploited her literary success, remained qui-

etly at home, avoiding crowds and stars. At a tea in her honor at the Club, Miss Mitchell and Mr. Gable posed for photographers holding hands. When crowds surged around them Mr. Gable masterfully swept her out of the tumult into a vacant room, slammed the door on admirers. Then, in private, they sat down to chat.



At the Ball, night before premiere, David Selznick, producer of *Gone With the Wind*, chats with Vivien Leigh, his Scarlett O'Hara. Miss Leigh is wearing a specially designed dress trimmed with ermine tails. Stars made only formal appearance before 5,000 at Ball, went to bed early.



At the premiere, Margaret Mitchell talks with Jock Whitney. At left sits Olivia de Havilland (Melanie); at right, Miss Mitchell's husband, John Marsh, advertising man, who copy-edited his wife's book. Below: one of four Confederate veterans who were honor guests at the show.



Down Peachtree Street, cars bearing stars from airport glide between dense crowds on curbs. Around corner in distance is Five Points, famed Atlanta intersection. Grand Theater, scene of premiere, is out of sight at the left. Dusk has just lowered. Note clock, upper right.

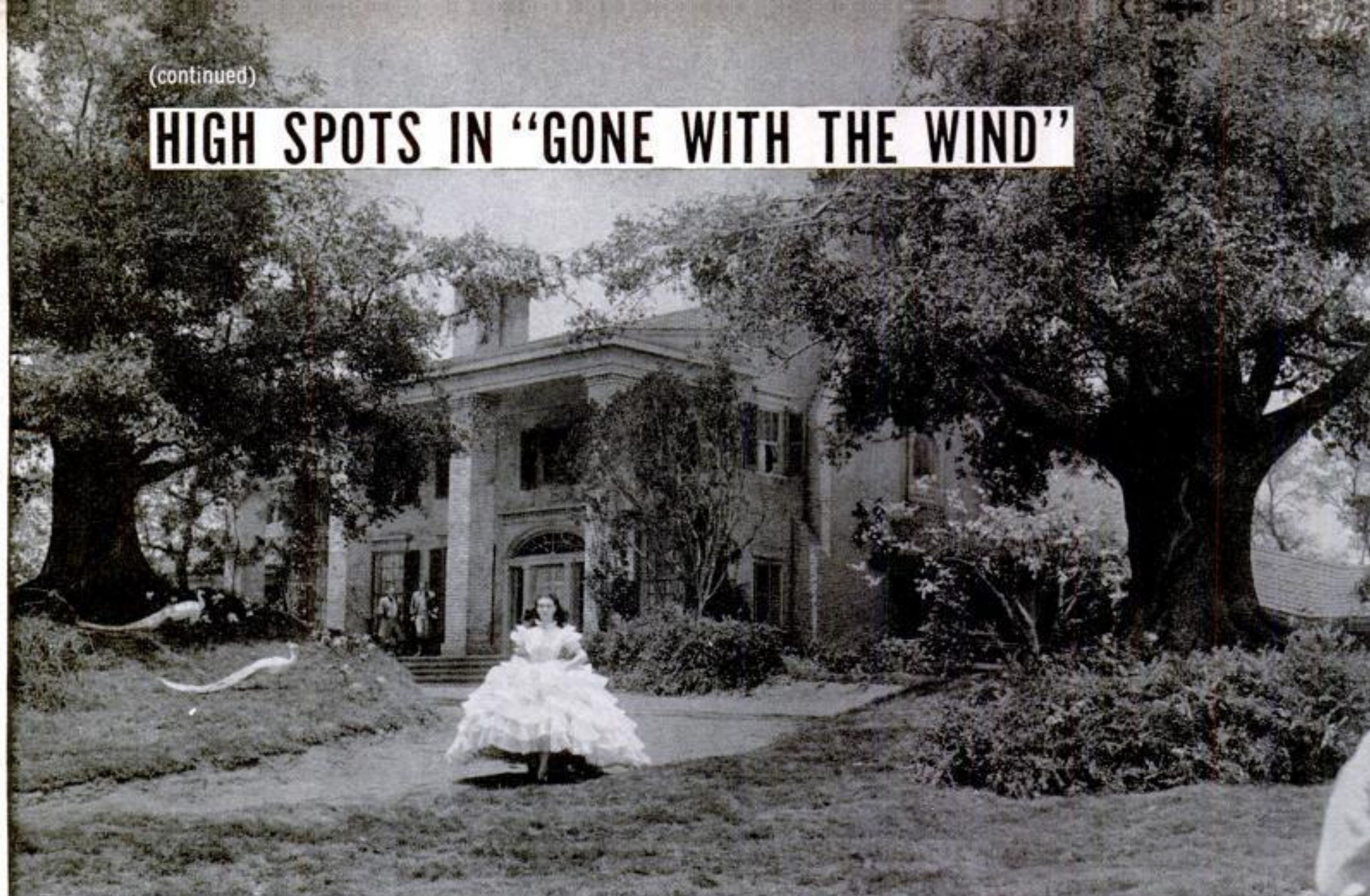


The Grand March at Ball is led by Margaret Palmer, Junior Leaguer, wearing Scarlett O'Hara costume from film. She is escorted by Harry Sommers, chairman of the Community Fund. Below: plantation scene preceding Ball. Singers are from choir of Ebenezer Baptist Church.



(continued)

HIGH SPOTS IN "GONE WITH THE WIND"



On Tara plantation, Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh), a high-spirited Southern belle, learns from the visiting Tarleton twins

(on veranda) that Ashley Wilkes has become engaged to marry Melanie Hamilton. She rises in distress and runs across the lawn.



The O'Hara family kneels in evening prayer. From left: Scarlett's robust Irish father, Gerald, her gentle French



To the great ball for the Confederate Cause in the Atlanta Armory, Scarlett comes in mourning for the husband she mar-

ried without love. But she shocks the whole city by dancing with Rhett Butler (Clark Gable), rich and dashing blockade runner.

Atlanta is evacuated when Sherman, having surrounded it on three sides, closes in from the south. For days the city has been

battered by shellfire. Its warehouses are ablaze, its streets littered with debris, its inhabitants fleeing as the Confederacy totters.



Confederate wounded, pounded and harried by Sherman's slashing attacks, stream into Atlanta in the summer of

The flight to Tara is made by Scarlett in a wagon pulled by a broken-down horse, across the battlefield of Rough



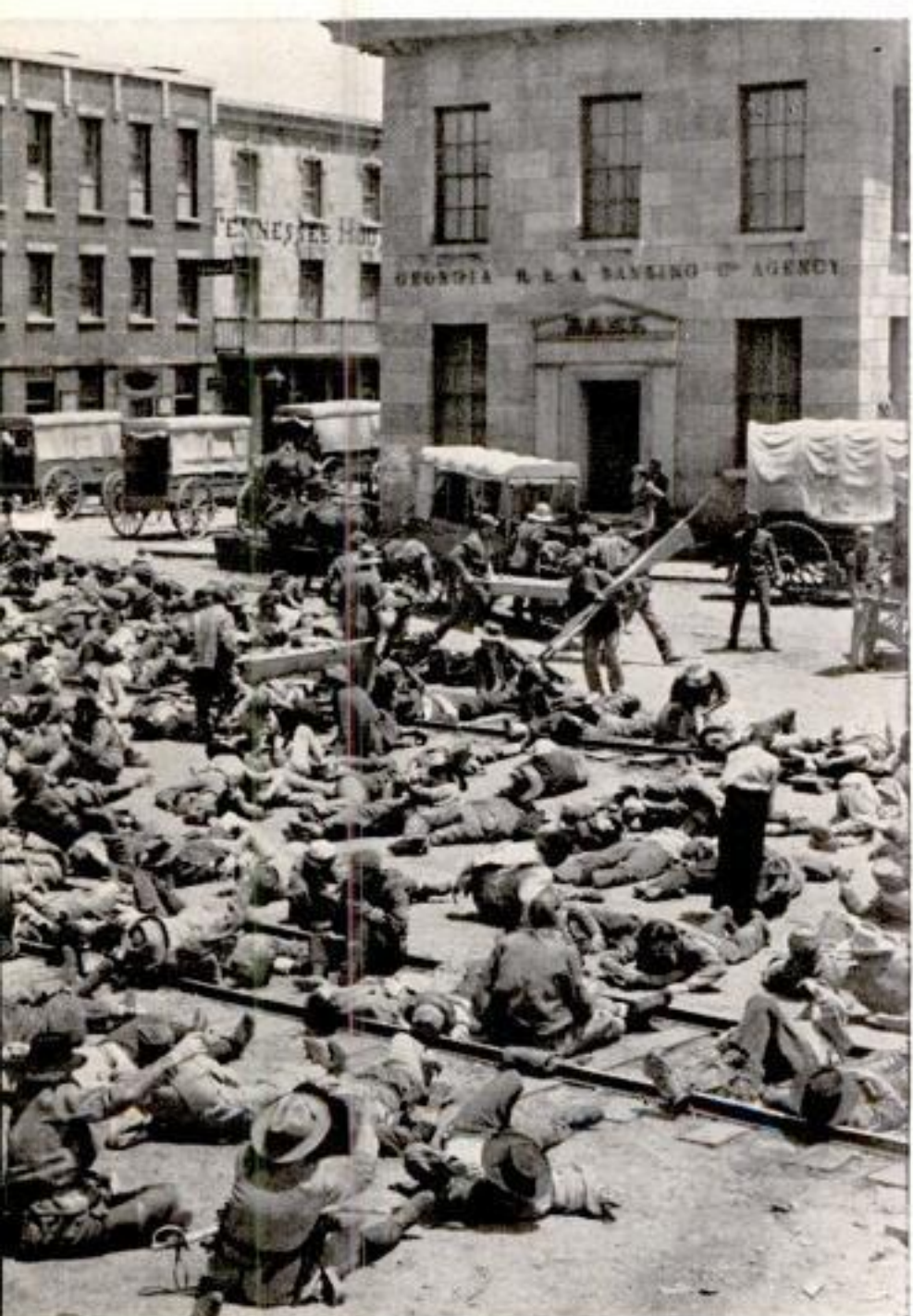


mother, Ellen, and her two younger sisters, Suellen and Carreen. Behind stand Pork, the valet, and Mammy.



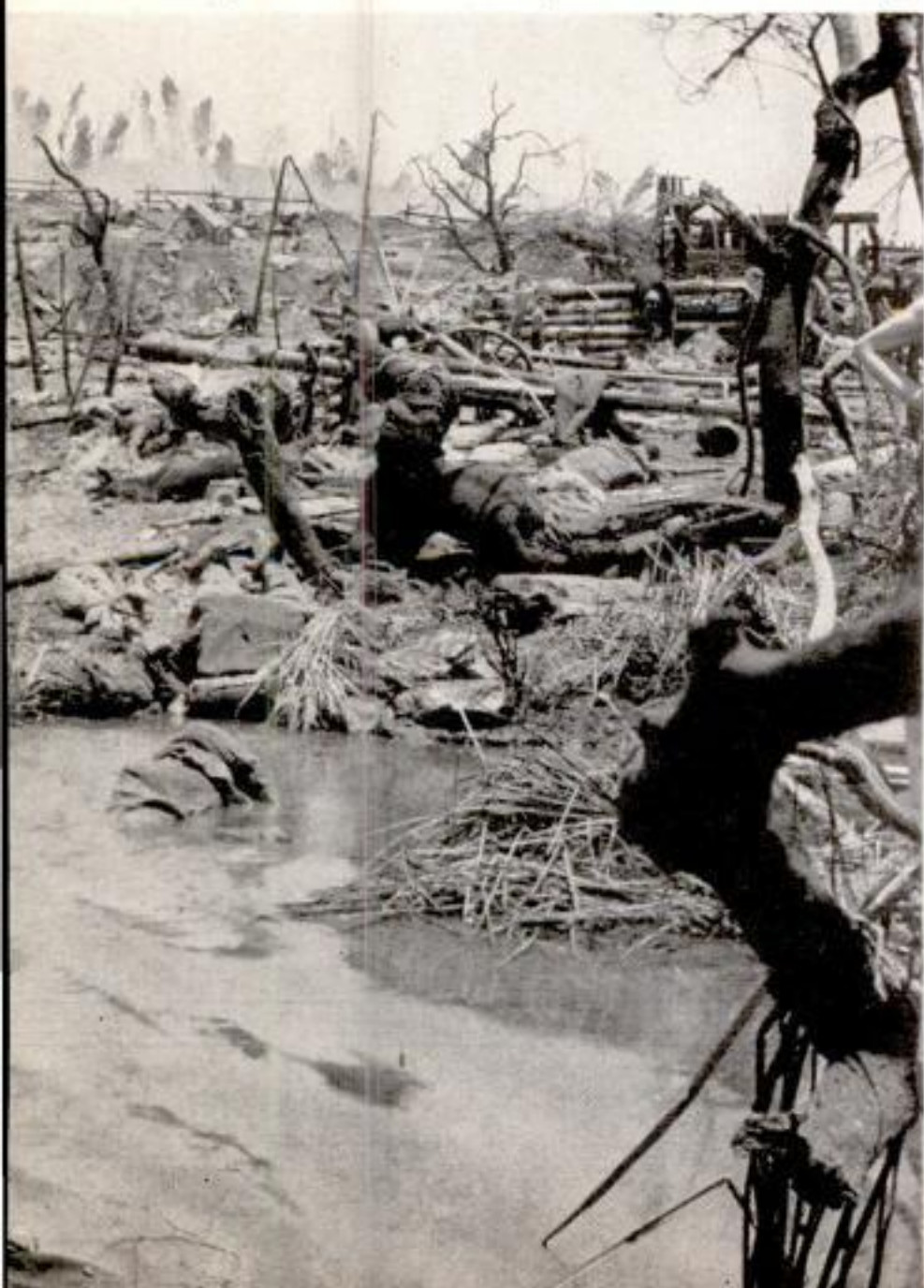
At Twelve Oaks, home of Ashley Wilkes, young girl guests lie down for an afternoon nap as little Negro girls fan them. But

Scarlett, slippers in her hand, tiptoes downstairs in the hope of seeing Ashley alone and wooing him away from Melanie.



1864. When the hospitals and churches are full, they sprawl on the railroad tracks before the Union station.

& Ready. Beside her sits Prissy, while in the old wagon lie Melanie, almost unconscious, and her newborn baby.



Melanie has her baby while the Yanks are storming Atlanta, her husband is in a Yankee prison and no doctor can be spared

from the hospitals. With only Prissy, an ignorant Negro girl, to help, Scarlett is midwife to woman whose husband she covets.

Rhett Butler plays poker with Union officers when he is imprisoned after the War is over on suspicion of killing a man.

A sentry comes to tell him "another of his sisters" has arrived. It is really Scarlett, seeking \$300 from him to save Tara.



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Labor Board gets roasted; Finland gets a hand; Russia gets "dropped" by League

A major phenomenon of the current political scene—which might be explained as a symptom of the nation's hunger for a thoroughly safe, sound and uninspired occupant of the White House—is the way in which Ohio's able but ponderous Senator Robert A. Taft has been going around making dull speeches, committing such political blunders as walking needlessly through an A. F. of L. picket line in Kansas City and damning the New Deal's corn loans in Iowa on the very day Iowa's farmers were getting \$70,000,000 in new corn-loan money—yet rolling up support for the G. O. P. Presidential nomination almost everywhere he goes. Last week the son of the 27th U. S. President got a break when, at a press conference, the 32nd U. S. President publicly offered him a very handsome prize if he could tell how to balance the budget in two years. Even Senator Taft, no Cafego of wit, was quick to plunge through that wide-open hole with a quote from one of Candidate Franklin Roosevelt's economy speeches of 1932.



TAFT AFTER ROOSEVELT

Cutest political twist of the week was given by the New York Times's Simeon Strunsky to a pro-third-term speech in which Secretary Ickes disposed of Candidate Taft by cracking: "He hopes the American people have forgotten what happened to the country the last time we tried to follow a Roosevelt with a Taft." After picturing elderly gentlemen plucking restlessly at their counterpanes to remember just what *did* happen that was so terrible in 1909-13, Strunsky observed: "Theodore Roosevelt was the man who decided to follow a Roosevelt with a Taft in the White House. . . . Mr. Ickes, then, may be wanting to say that it is bad for the country when an outgoing President who has been two terms in the White House takes it on himself to designate his successor."

For Finland. At the State Department, stopping to chat with reporters in the press room: superbly handsome in his glittering uniform at the White House Diplomatic Reception on Dec. 14; arriving at the Treasury Department to hand Secretary Morgenthau another installment on his country's war debt, Finland's upstanding Minister to the U. S. Hjalmar J. Procopé was a center of admiring sympathy last week. For his country American sympathy was producing substantial results. President Roosevelt maintained the amiable fiction that Finland is not at war, thereby exempting it from the Neutrality Act's cash-&-carry provisions, and made available \$10,000,000 of Government credits. Contributions poured in to Herbert Hoover's Finnish Relief Fund—including one of \$1,000 from Norway's Sonja Henie and one of \$5,000 from Sweden's Greta Garbo.



PROCOPE

Onto the griddle of a non-New Deal-sponsored Congressional investigation went the most roundly abused of all the New Deal's new Government agen-



NLRB (LEISERSON, MADDEN, SMITH)

cies, the National Labor Relations Board, administrator of the Wagner Act. Employers have charged the Board with being biased in favor of Labor, and A. F. of L. and C. I. O. have each charged it with being biased in favor of the other. Items of the first week's testimony:

► Dr. William Leiserson, oldtime Labor mediator appointed to the Board last April to "clean up" its tangled affairs, accused the Board's secretary, Nathan Witt, of mismanagement, incompetence and gross bias in submitting reports to the Board.

► A memorandum to the Board from its regional director in Detroit declared that the union which had brought charges against the Aronsson Printing Co. had a "weak case" and that he was "trying to break down Aronsson" rather than let the case go to a hearing.

► Mrs. Elinore Herrick, regional director in New York City, complained to the Board that an investigation of her office by its agents was being conducted in a manner which might be expected "from the OGPU but not from fellow administrators of an American agency."

► John Boettiger, son-in-law of President Roosevelt and publisher of Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, complained bitterly last September that an NLRB decision against him—involving dismissal of two employees—had been based on "distortion of the facts" and "illogical inferences." He kept quiet then rather than embarrass his father-in-law.

► When a union of 500 of Berkshire Knitting Mills' 6,000 workers called a strike in 1936, NLRB Member Edwin S. Smith, onetime personnel manager of Filene's department store in Boston, forwarded to the vice president of that store some union literature calling for a boycott of Berkshire hosiery.

Expulsion. A travesty of a League of Nations took up the problem of punishing Soviet Russia for its invasion of Finland (see p. 22). The Catholic politicians of South America, probably the world's most passionate Red-hunters, told the League it must expel Russia or lose them. But it soon appeared, as it always does in League deliberations, that the offender's neighbors and friends could not afford to be so heroic. Not swept away by the rage of faraway South America were Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Greece, or pro-Russian Mexico and China. In this dilemma, League Assembly President Hambro of Norway resorted to a sly and effective trick to put through the resolution to drop Soviet Russia from the League of Nations. Instead of calling for a standing vote, he said: "Those in favor, remain seated." Nobody had the



HAMBRO

stomach to stand up as Russia's champion in that tense room. The resolution was declared adopted. And Soviet Russia was dropped, not kicked, from the League of Nations, first nation to be so humiliated in the 20 years of the League's embarrassed life.

The moral effect on Russia was nil. The real importance of expulsion lies in the fact that now neutral nations can help Finland with arms or men without violating international law. Unless the Finns get such help soon, all the Finnish relief drives in the world will be waste effort.

Britain's War. Prime Minister Chamberlain put aside the temptation to join a lynching bee of Soviet Russia and sternly reminded England that Nazi Germany is still the great enemy. In the House of Lords two peers who rose to suggest negotiations with Germany were roundly rebuked by Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax.



CHATFIELD

In the House of Commons, Chamberlain opened the first secret session since January 1918, when he spoke the ritual words, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that strangers are present." The strangers, the usual visitors in the House galleries, guffawed and left. In secret, the Opposition emphatically attacked the Government's excessive and paralyzing control of British production. Outside Commons, an explanation for the delay in land war was given by Minister for Co-ordination of Defense Lord Chatfield. The first great land battle, he said, must wait until British, Canadian and American factories win supremacy in the air over German aircraft factories. Meanwhile Britain and France took the unprecedented step of pegging their monies at 176½ francs to one British pound, so that they stand or fall together. A Gallup poll showed that 61% of Britons like the Government's conduct of the war, 18% don't, 11% want to stop it and 10% have no opinion.

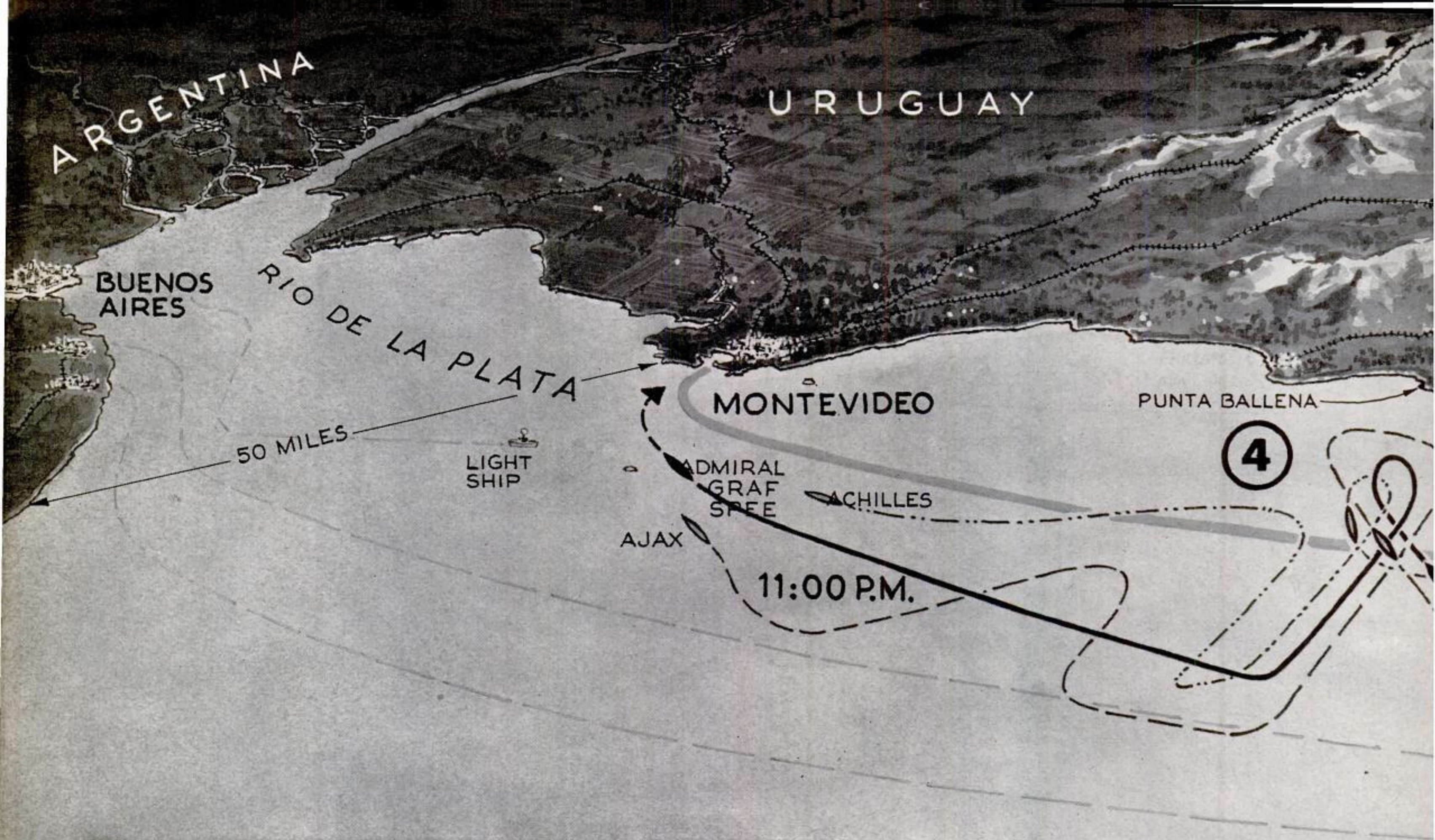
Germany's War. A body blow to Germany was the defeat and, finally, the sinking of the *Admiral Graf Spee* (see pp. 16-17). Another, less publicized, was Rumania's action in forbidding Rumanian ships to take supplies up the Danube to Germany. Thus far, Germany has got no oil, little wheat and only 2,200 tons of manganese from Russia via the Danube.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Over Los Angeles a test pilot for Vultee Aircraft hurled himself through high air at speeds approaching 400 m.p.h. He sat at the controls of a glistening new interceptor-pursuit ship which aviation circles regard as sensational. Though the Vultee Vanguard is not the fastest fighting ship in the sky, its adaptability to mass production and quick repair make it the best pursuit plane now available for nations at war. Its entire tail assembly—rudder, elevating fins, stabilizers—can be detached by unscrewing three bolts. All its side panels from tail to engine can be removed in two minutes. Two hundred Vultee Vanguard can be turned out by 1941. After that, production may increase to 600 a year.



Vultee Vanguard, America's newest warplane, tops 360 m. p. h. in test flight over Southern California



THE BATTLE OF MONTEVIDEO

The second world war last week produced a battle that will go into the history books. It was fought not on the western front nor in the air nor on the North Sea, but in the South Atlantic off the coast of Uruguay. The German pocket battleship, *Admiral Graf Spee*, named for the World War German admiral who defeated the British at Coronel and was himself destroyed at the Falkland Islands, had been raiding British shipping in the South Atlantic. At dawn Dec. 13, three British cruisers, all smaller but faster than the 26-knot *Spee*, caught and attacked the Nazi raider.

The French steamer *Formose* was wallowing down the coast of South America toward Uruguay's capital of Montevideo. Its smoke, piling up into the blue Atlantic dawn, attracted the notice of Captain Hans Langsdorff, able commander of the *Admiral Graf Spee*. He gave chase and the *Formose* headed for shore at 12 knots, wirelessing for help. This arrived promptly in the form of the 32-knot British light cruiser *Ajax*, which carries eight 6-in. guns, supposedly no match for the *Spee*'s 11-in. batteries. The *Ajax* cut in between the *Formose* and the camouflaged *Spee*, laying a smoke screen as it came. Out of the east loomed two more British cruisers—the *Achilles* and the heavier *Exeter*, carrying six 8-in. guns whose range is not far short of the 15-mile range of the *Spee*'s guns.

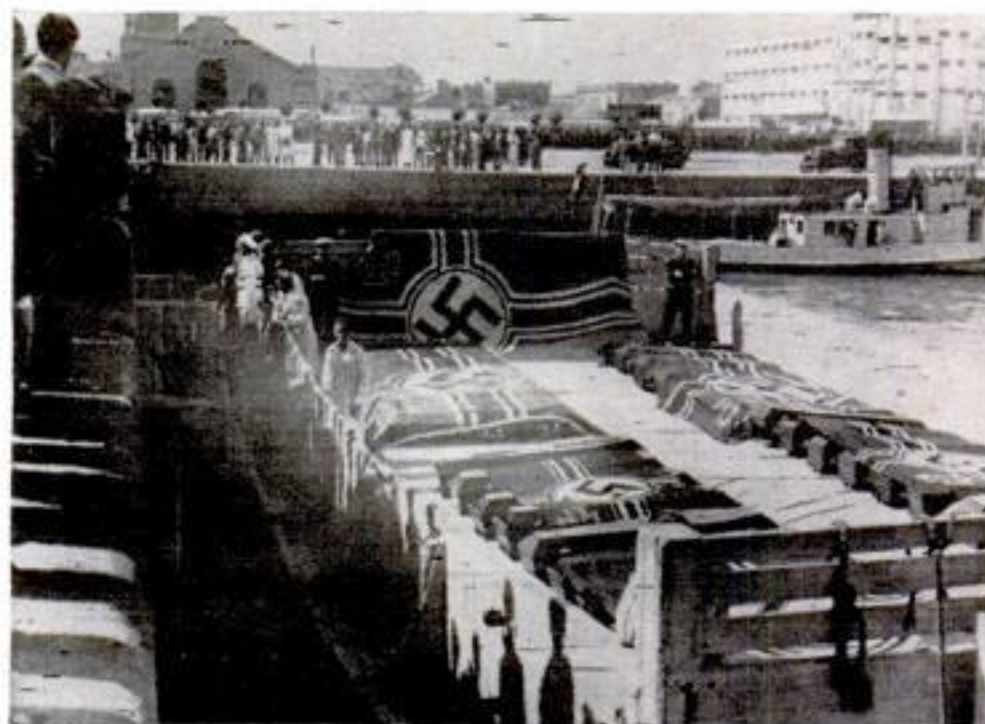
The course of the fight, lasting 16 hours from dawn till after dark, is plotted on the drawing above. The drawing naturally does not show the ceaseless and complex maneuvering of all four ships. The numbers and superior speed of the British cruisers gave them the power

to choose the range at which they preferred to fight, to get the advantage of sun and wind, to lay smoke screens for one another, to race ahead and fire torpedoes at the *Spee*, to engage the *Spee* with two ships while the third took free shots at the enemy.

One of the first British salvos got the *Spee*'s fire-control tower. The *Exeter*'s 8-in. guns got in three direct hits before it was crippled and put out of the battle. The *Ajax* and *Achilles* carried on the attack. The *Spee*'s fuel was running low. It seemed unable to sink the Britons. And as night fell, they forced the ship close to shore. It dodged once more and, in the darkness, made for sanctuary in Montevideo. This constituted a total admission of defeat. The *Spee* should have won on superior gun power. The British did win on superior seamanship.

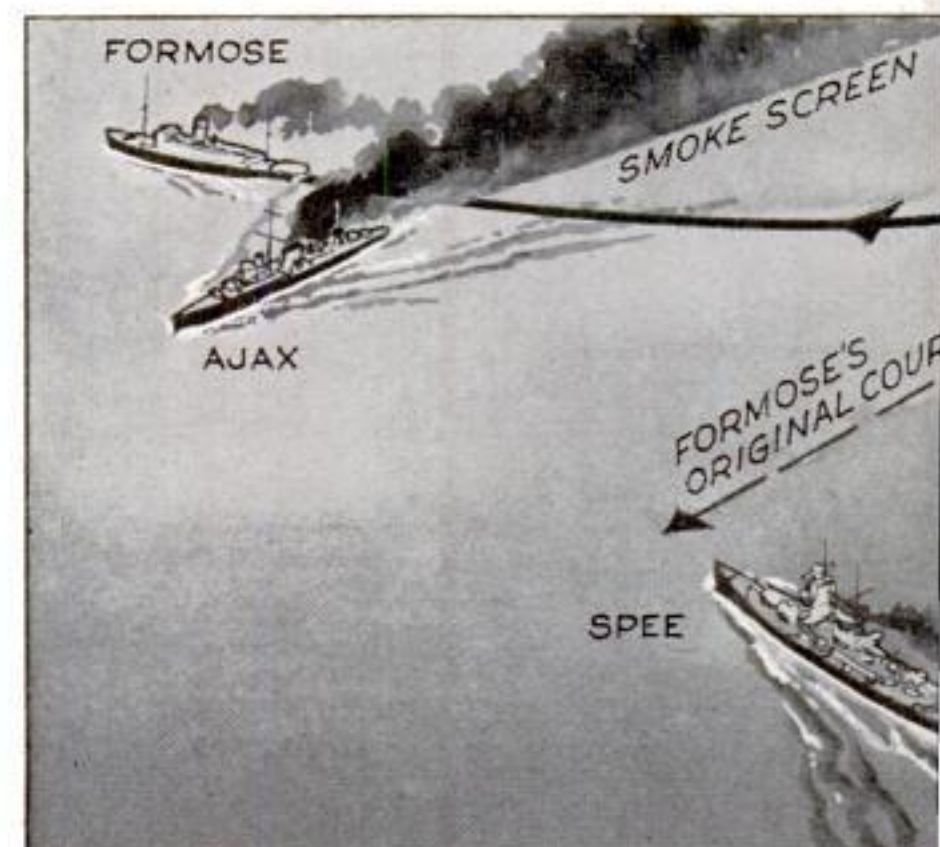
In Montevideo, Captain Langsdorff buried his 36 dead, landed the most serious of his 60 wounded and was ordered by the Uruguayan Government to sail before 8 p.m., Dec. 17, or be interned.

As the deadline approached the world held its breath to see what would happen. Outside the harbor Allied warships had gathered to sink the *Spee* if she should try to run for it. Just before 6:30 p.m. the German warship weighed anchor and, before 250,000 spectators lining the shore, moved out of the harbor. Her Nazi crew were put off in small boats. On orders from Adolf Hitler to escape capture, Captain Langsdorff touched off time bombs set in the ammunition magazines. A terrific explosion—a burst of black smoke—and the *Spee*, with flags flying, went down with the setting sun three miles off Montevideo.

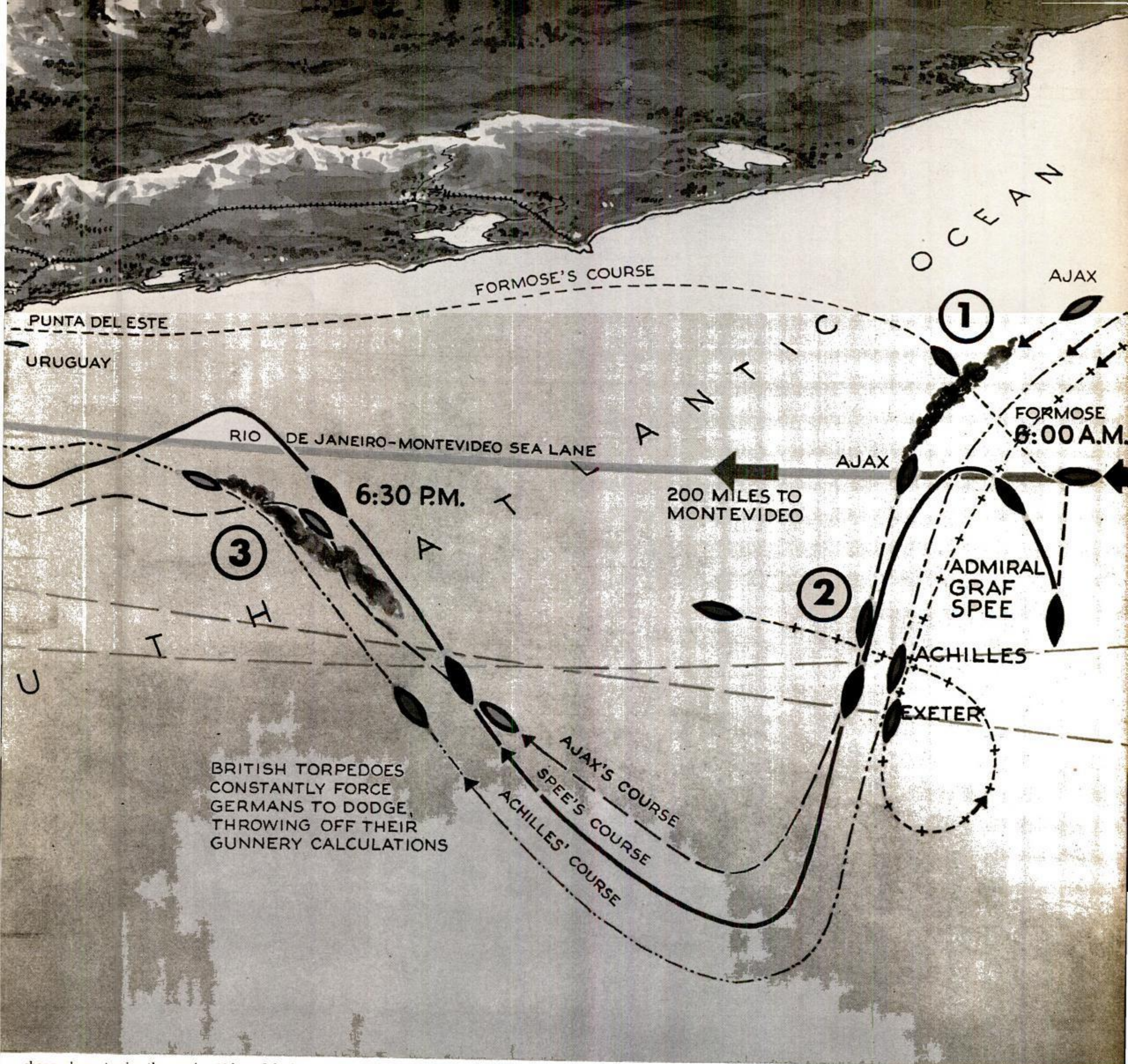


COFFIN FOR THE "SPEE'S" 36 DEAD SEAMEN

The doom of the pocket battleship was sealed by three British cruisers Dec. 13. Roughly how they did it is



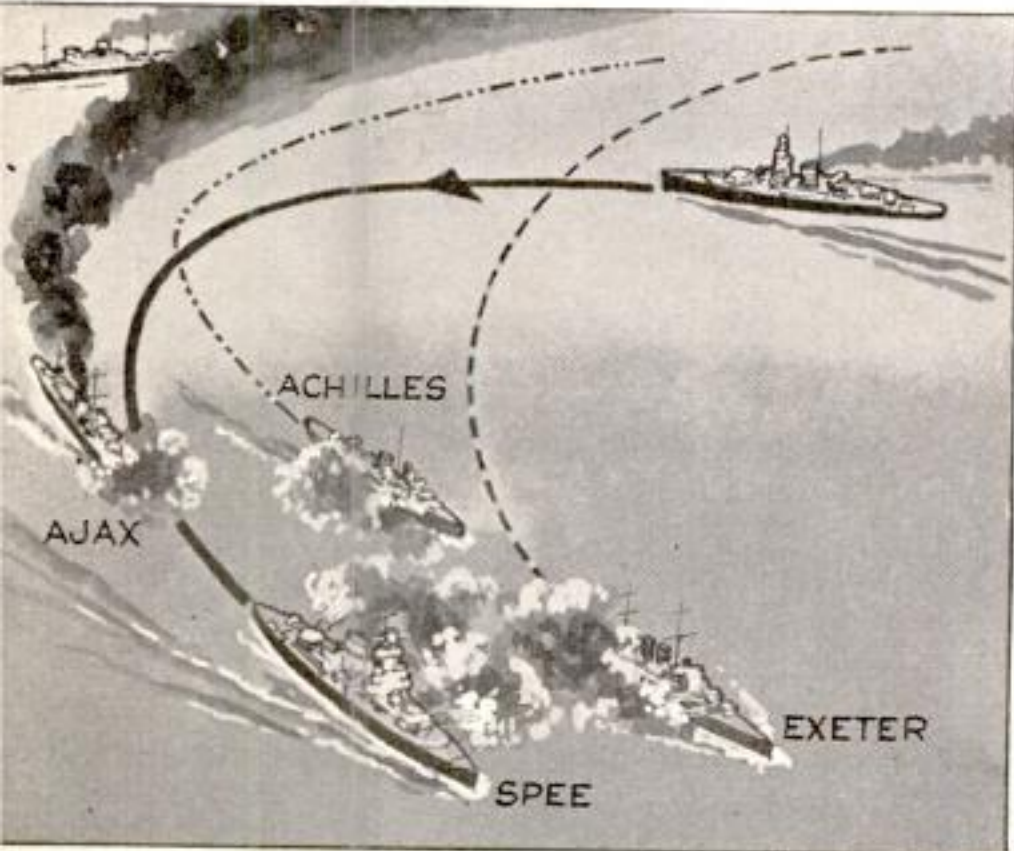
1 The bait (*Formose*) runs off as the fast British cruiser *Ajax* lays a smoke screen across its wake.



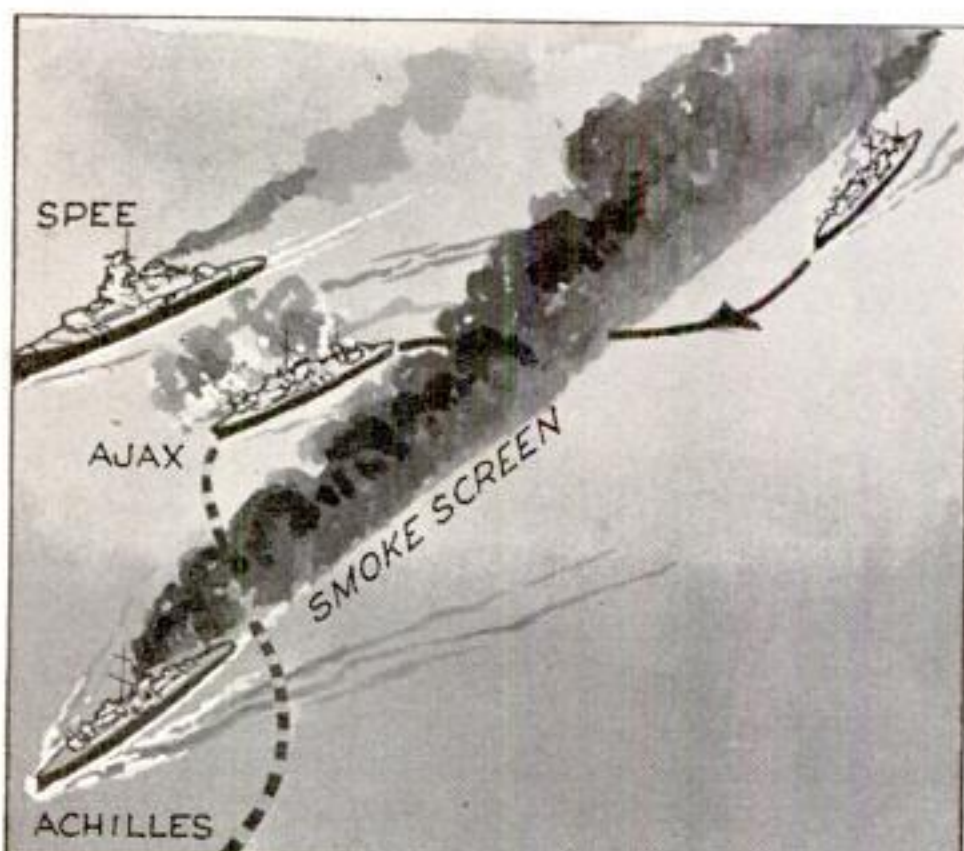
shown above, tracing the running 16-hour fight from open sea to Montevideo harbor. Proved once more was the value

of superior speed and numbers in cruisers, regardless of armament. It appeared also that a pocket battleship's armor

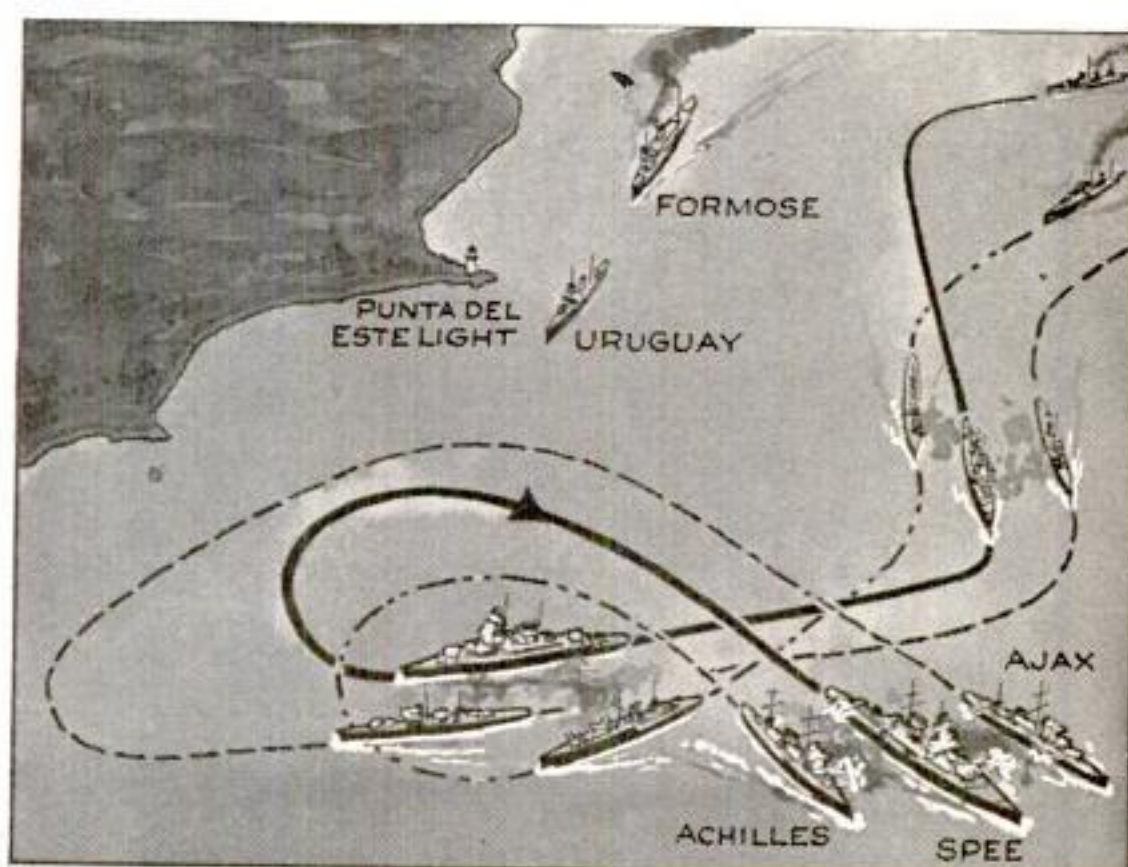
is not sufficient protection against even 6-in. shells. Proved above all was the value of audacious British seamanship.



2 "Exeter" takes Spee's 11-in. salvos, Achilles 6-in. salvos while Ajax on Spee's stern pounds away at will.



3 One cruiser lays smoke screen, gives other the Spee's position. Then the second darts out and blazes away.



4 Near Uruguayan shore, British get west of Spee, silhouetting her against sky and hiding themselves in the shadow of land.



PICASSO SITS BY A STOVE AS THRONGS SEE HIS ART

Here sits Pablo Picasso, great modern painter, in his Paris studio. The huge stove looks like something Picasso himself might have imagined for one of his fantastic canvases. Warmed by stove, Picasso must also be warmed by news from New York. There the Museum of Modern Art is holding the biggest

Picasso exhibition ever put on anywhere. So big are the crowds it draws that, from time to time, the Museum has had to shut its doors to keep people out. In the show's first month, 65,000 have come to see the work of this versatile Spanish-born artist who, at 58, has spanned the whole history of modern painting.



GEORGE VI MAKES FIRST VISIT TO WESTERN FRONT

Fortnight ago, during his first visit to inspect the British army in France, King George VI was photographed as he was about to climb an improvised staircase to the top of a concrete "pillbox" behind the front lines. Preceding him were a French and a British officer. As the King approached on duckboards

laid down over ankle-deep mud, Tommies snapped to attention. He was dressed in the uniform of a field marshal, but, for reasons best known to himself, he wore no gloves although his hands were blue with cold. For pictures of British General Headquarters in France, which the King also visited, turn the page.

FROM BRITISH G.H.Q. IN FRANCE

LORD GORT COMMANDS 200,000 MEN



GORT'S FRONT DOOR

One place where all the facts of this war are known is revealed on these pages—General Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force in a small village in northeastern France. Here sits John Standish Surtees Prendergast Vereker, sixth Viscount Gort, Commander in Chief of the British Army in the field. Here center the lines of information from the front, from England, from the Supreme Command headed by France's Generalissimo Gamelin.

So far perhaps 200,000 Englishmen and 500 English planes have arrived in France. The planes are doing constant reconnaissance work over the Siegfried Line. The English infantry had not lost a single man in action up to last fortnight when they took over sections of the Maginot Line.

The Order of the Day issued by Lord Gort from G.H.Q. for the first day of action rang out like a bugle call to British troops at the front: "You have been chosen. Unless every one had done his duty since arrival in France, this unique honor would not have been conferred upon you. The enemy awaits our arrival with expectancy. The opportunity is yours to maintain and enhance the glorious traditions inscribed on your colors. Be vigilant, be cool and fire low, to the last man, to the last round and a bit more. With justice on our side, the proud watchwords will be: 'They shall not pass!' and 'We shall win!'"

The enemy's expectancy was indicated next day by a violent German cannonade of the areas taken over by the British. In the week following, King George VI (see p. 19) and Neville Chamberlain both made the trip to Gort's headquarters to help launch Britain's first land effort against Germany. British positions were somewhere along the front between the Rhine and Moselle. German raiding patrols trying to catch a few Tommies failed. The British were reported to be showing "great caution."



GORT'S ONLY SON

This was in line with the temperament of Lord Gort who is painstakingly cautious. He does not believe in idle show, as is evidenced by his front door (above, left) on which his initialed rank is chalked and pinned. It is reflected also in his only son, 27-year-old Standish (left), who takes orders from sergeants while learning to be an officer in England.

Fact is, however, that the Allies do not need manpower on the Maginot Line, do not need a huge British expeditionary force. The chief job of the British is to stand guard on the Belgian border, in case the Germans make for the sea again through Belgium.



Sentries at G. H. Q., a sergeant and a lance-corporal, bar gateway to an officer while they examine his military pass. Every branch of the British Army in France enters this gate.



At breakfast, Commander in Chief Gort (above at left) sits with his quartermaster general, Major General Wilfrid Gordon Lindsell, and his chief liaison officer, the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester (right). Below: Commander in Chief Gort and his staff go to work down





a plane-tree-lined French road in the early morning, while a French peasant watches. The group of six includes Gort, his Chief of Staff Pownall, Captain the Earl of Munster, Major Gordon (*in kilts*), Captain Jeffreys and Captain Oyler, aide-de-camp to General Pownall.



Visitor to G. H. Q. is Lord Gort's civilian boss, Secretary for War Leslie Hore-Belisha (*in civilian clothes*) who promoted Gort over his elders' heads two years ago. Behind are the staff.



Gort's charger is groomed in the farmyard of the château that Gort occupies, while orderlies apply saddle soap to his saddles. This is far more rustic than American G. H. Q. in 1918.



The whole staff slaps through the mud of France in step. From left: Oyler, Jeffreys, Gordon, Munster, Gort, Pownall. The weather has been consistently bad since the English arrived.

RED STEAM-ROLLER?

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT



LINES OF ATTACK

The Russian invasion of Finland began on Nov. 30 with an air attack on Helsinki that took hundreds of civilian lives and smeared a beautiful city. At right are scenes from *News of the Day* newsreel of this wanton attempt by the Reds to break the morale of Finland's capital in one terrible stroke. The attempt failed, serving no purpose except to arouse the world's indignation against the U. S. S. R.

Mighty Russia's failure to subdue little Finland with the speed and dispatch of the Germans' conquest of Poland has started a significant debate among military experts as to whether the Red steam-roller is, after all, only a false alarm.

Before this Far North War, the view was pretty generally held in London, Paris, Berlin and Warsaw that the Russian Army would make it difficult if not impossible to invade Russia but that it was incapable of taking the offensive on any considerable scale. Reasons: defective leadership (due to purges and politics), bad staff work, the hereditary Russian incapacity in matters of transport and supply.

The Russians began their attack on Finland with four principal efforts, none of which has yet succeeded: (a) an attack on the short, strongly fortified Mannerheim Line on the Karelian Isthmus (No. 1 on map); (b) a combined naval and air attack on the fortress of Hanko; (c) an air attack on Helsinki and other cities; (d) an attack on the port of Petsamo on the Arctic Ocean (No. 4 on map). These attacks were made with insufficient forces to steam-roller Finland at the first blow. It is quite likely that the political chiefs of the Kremlin, considering Finland a push-over, precipitately ordered the Army to undertake an offensive job for which little or no preparation had been made.

After initial set-backs, the Russian efforts began to spread out. The long 800-mile frontier between Russia and Finland looks vulnerable everywhere. But it is a difficult frontier to attack because it is in a frozen wilderness, lacking good communications. As in most Russian campaigns, what counts is not the total number of troops mobilized by Russia, but the number that it can employ and supply in a particular theater of war. The problem of war on the Finnish frontier is primarily a supply and transport problem—never Russia's long suit in all her military history. Only on the Karelian Isthmus in the far South are there anything like sufficient lines of communication for large forces. Here, after a series of small engagements to mop up outpost positions, the Russians have just staged a totally unsuccessful eight-day effort to break through the Mannerheim Line.

Farther north they are making a two-pronged effort to come round the northern side of Lake Ladoga and take the Mannerheim line in the rear (No. 2 on map). But the main Russian effort appears to be the drive through central Finland, in an endeavor to reach the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia (No. 3 on map). If successful, this would slice Finland in two, cutting off the all-important rail line to Sweden, isolating the Finnish troops in the Arctic and forcing those in the south to fight on all fronts. This drive is in two parts, based on Russia's Murmansk Railway.

Finally, in the far north, while a Finnish garrison still holds out in Petsamo, the Russians have reached the Norwegian frontier, and may be intending to work down the new road toward Kemi on the Gulf of Bothnia. If these three columns can push a combined drive to the Gulf, the Finns are in serious trouble. But they are isolated columns, totaling only six divisions among them, and are not in mutual supporting distance, whereas the Finns, with far better lateral communications, can concentrate against any one of the Russian forces. It is not impossible that the Russians may sustain a severe disaster in this frozen wilderness, especially if they push on too fast and outrun their supplies. This is no country for *Blitzkrieg* tactics such as the Germans used in Poland.

The charges against the Russian Army's efficiency on the offensive are not yet actually proved. The difficulties of Arctic weather and Finnish terrain are enormously greater than those faced by the Germans in Poland. The difficulties of supply are all but insuperable. The Finnish troops appear to be excellently led and trained, and well-equipped—superior in these matters, on the face of existing information, to the Russians. Under these circumstances, which tend to reflect headline glory upon the Finnish fighters for holding out at all, the Russians have by no means disgraced themselves.

RUSSIAN BOMBERS OPEN ATTACK OVER HELSINKI. ONE DIVES TO FIND OBJECTIVE



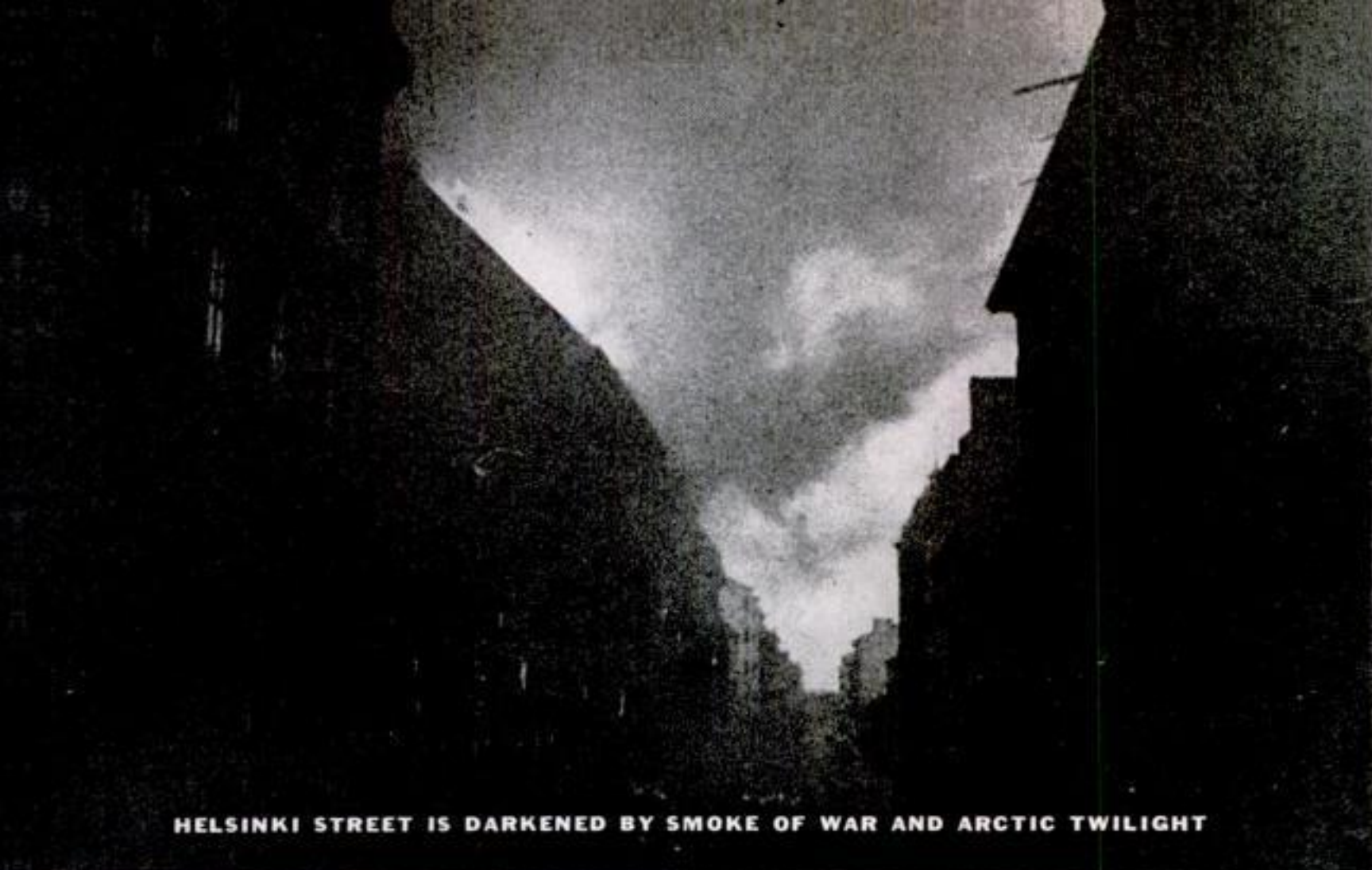
WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF HELSINKI SCURRY INTO A NEWLY DUG BOMB SHELTER



BOMB TAKES A SLICE OUT OF POLYTECHNIC HIGH SCHOOL NEAR NAVY YARD



FIRES SMOULDER IN A WORKERS' DISTRICT WHILE BUSES STAND BY



HELSINKI STREET IS DARKENED BY SMOKE OF WAR AND ARCTIC TWILIGHT



ONE LONE OLD WOMAN WHO OUTLIVED THE BOMBING RUNS OUT OF THE RUINS



UNABLE TO FIND BOMB SHELTERS, THESE CITIZENS CROWD AGAINST A WALL



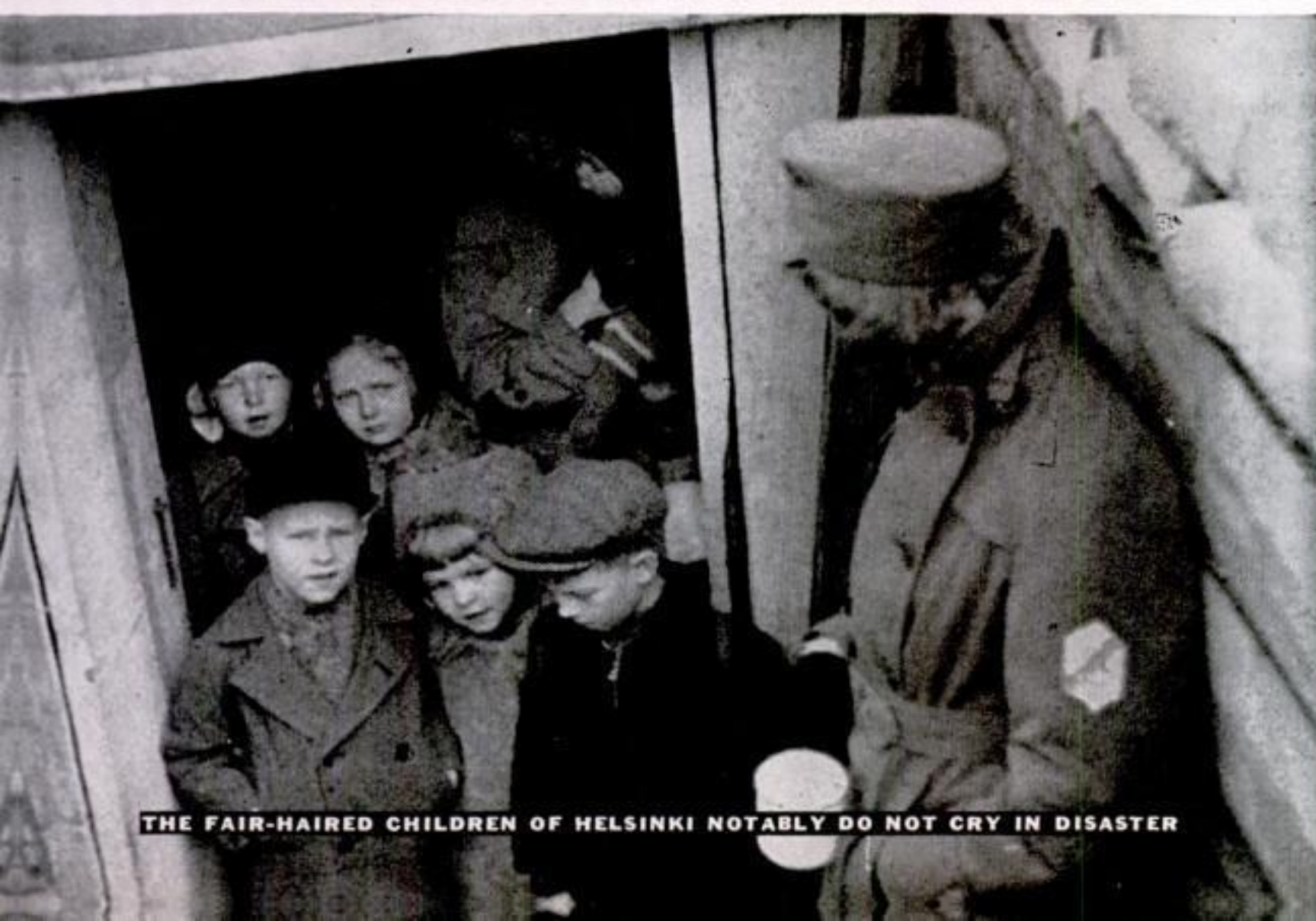
A CLOSEUP OF SCENE AT LEFT IN THE TOOLÖ RESIDENTIAL SUBURB OF HELSINKI



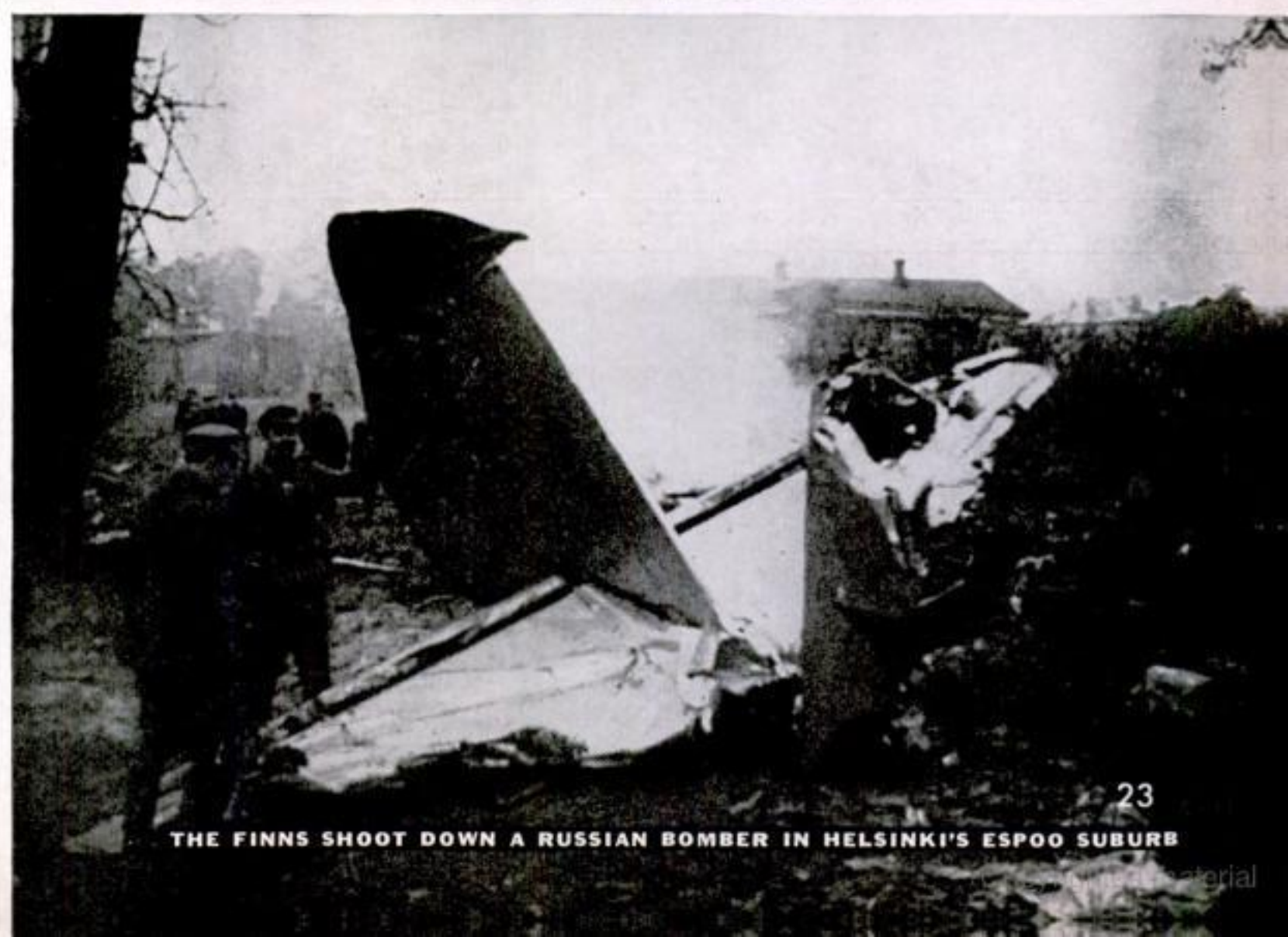
A CLOSEUP OF THE SCENE AT LEFT. RUSSIANS MISSED NEARBY LINER DOCKS



HELSINKI'S NIGHT SKY GLOWS WITH FIRES SET BY RUSSIAN BOMBS



THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILDREN OF HELSINKI NOTABLY DO NOT CRY IN DISASTER



THE FINNS SHOOT DOWN A RUSSIAN BOMBER IN HELSINKI'S ESPOO SUBURB



GUSTAVE DORÉ, FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR, DID THIS FAMILIAR SCENE OF CHRIST IN THE MANGER

The Nativity in Art

No figure in the world has inspired more great art than Christ. No event in His life has appealed more to artists than His birth. Testifying to the universality of Christ, LIFE on the next pages presents four paintings of the Nativity, each from a different nation and period of history. And on this page is an engraving by Gustave Doré representing Christ in the familiar style of the illustrated Bible which so many people remember and love.

While Christ was stiffly portrayed in Byzantine mosaics of the 6th Century, pictures of the Madonna and Child were not common until the Middle Ages. Suddenly, to millions of people, humble and high, the Infant Jesus became an immensely appealing figure. In the heart of mankind He awakened the unselfish love and tenderness that constitute the essence of Christianity.

In 13th Century Italy the first great masters, Cimabue and Giotto, advanced the art of painting by their Nativity scenes. On through the Renaissance countless studies of the Holy Infant were painted, reaching their full glory in the portraits of Madonna and Child by Raphael.

The Nativity story which inspired this flowering of art was first told in a few eloquent words. Apostle Luke describes how Mary came to the little town of Bethlehem, *And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.*

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they

were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

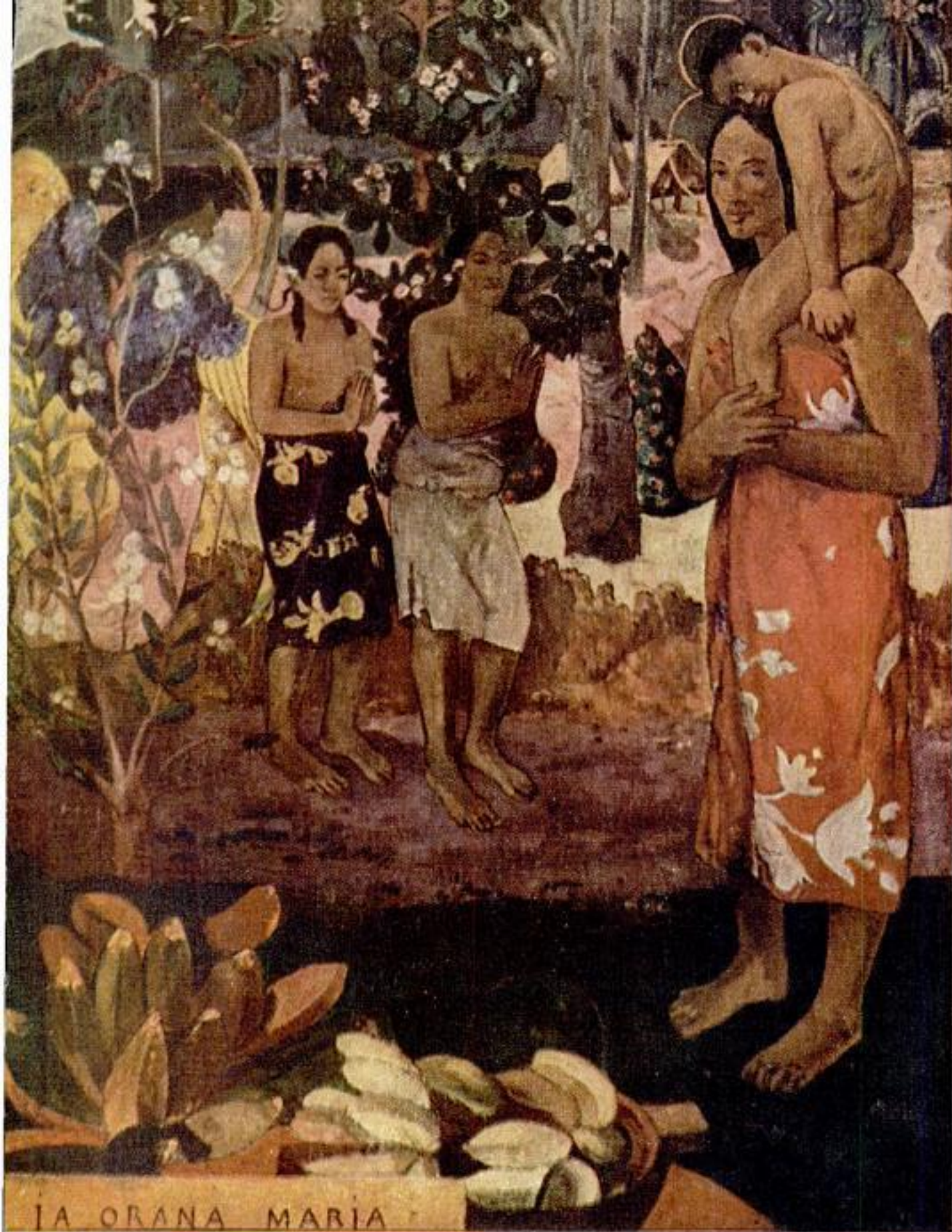
The coming of the three wise men later is told by Apostle Matthew: *Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem . . . and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh.*



LAUREN FORD

To bring religion closer home, Lauren Ford paints Bible stories in a New England setting. Here in *Star of Bethlehem* she represents the birthplace of Christ by painting her own farm in Bethlehem, Conn., with an Inn sign (left) above the fence. Towards the

barn with glowing windows, four little shepherds cross the snow, led by the blazing star above the apple tree. Miss Ford's book for children, *The Ageless Story*, portraying the boyhood of Christ in New England, was just published by Dodd, Mead (\$2.50).



GAUGUIN The Madonna and Christ child appear as dark-skinned Polynesians in this painting by Paul Gauguin, a 19th Century Frenchman. Gauguin fled from sophisticated Paris to live among these natives on the South Sea Island of Tahiti, believed their dignity and grace worthy of this religious subject. His Polynesian title, *Ia Orana Maria*, means "We greet you, Mary."

BRUEGHEL With unflinching honesty, Pieter Brueghel, great Flemish painter of the 16th Century, peopled the *Adoration of the Kings* with the peasant types he knew best. By the dumb wonderment on their brutish faces, Brueghel expresses the miracle of Christ being born into a world of ordinary mortals.



EL GRECO This magnificent picture, *The Virgin with Santa Inés and Santa Tecla*, was painted in the florid late-Renaissance style which is considered orthodox for religious painting. Actually, El Greco portrayed the thin-faced, dark-eyed, sallow types of 16th Century Spain.

Called Spain's greatest painter, El Greco was born in Crete and later named "El Greco" (the Greek) to indicate his nationality. Here, in a composition that has the upward surge of noble music, he has portrayed the Virgin in a blue robe. At her head and shoulders are two angels, a chorus of cherubim. Beneath her Santa Inés supports a palm leaf, while Santa Tecla, wrapped in deep scarlet, holds a snowy lamb.



YEHUDI, NOLA AND ZAMIRA MENUHIN POSE FOR A FAMILY PORTRAIT IN A NEW YORK HOTEL. NOLA AND ZAMIRA ACCOMPANY YEHUDI ON HIS CONCERT TOUR

YEHUDI MENUHIN IS THE FATHER OF A BABY GIRL WHOSE NAME IS "PEACE"

Twelve years have passed since Yehudi Menuhin, a pudgy prodigy in velvet breeches, first stood before the astounded critics of New York and fiddled his way into the company of great musicians. Yehudi was 10 years old then. Today he is 22 and a married man. Three months ago he became the father of a daughter whom he named Zamira, which is both a Russian and a Hebrew word. It means "peace" in Russian and "nightingale" in Hebrew. When Yehudi's concert tour brought him to New York recently, LIFE Photographer Hansel Mieth took these pictures of his family.

Yehudi's wife is Nola Nicholas, daughter of a rich Australian aspirin manufacturer. Yehudi met her in March 1938 in London and spent \$2,000 courting her from the Continent by telephone. In May they were married. For a wedding present, Yehudi and Nola took each other to a Toscanini concert. Two months after they were married, Ye-

hudi's sister, Hephzibah, who is a fine pianist, married Nola's brother, Lindsay. They live now on a 35,000-acre sheep ranch in Australia, where Hephzibah is awaiting her first child, who will be Zamira's double first cousin.

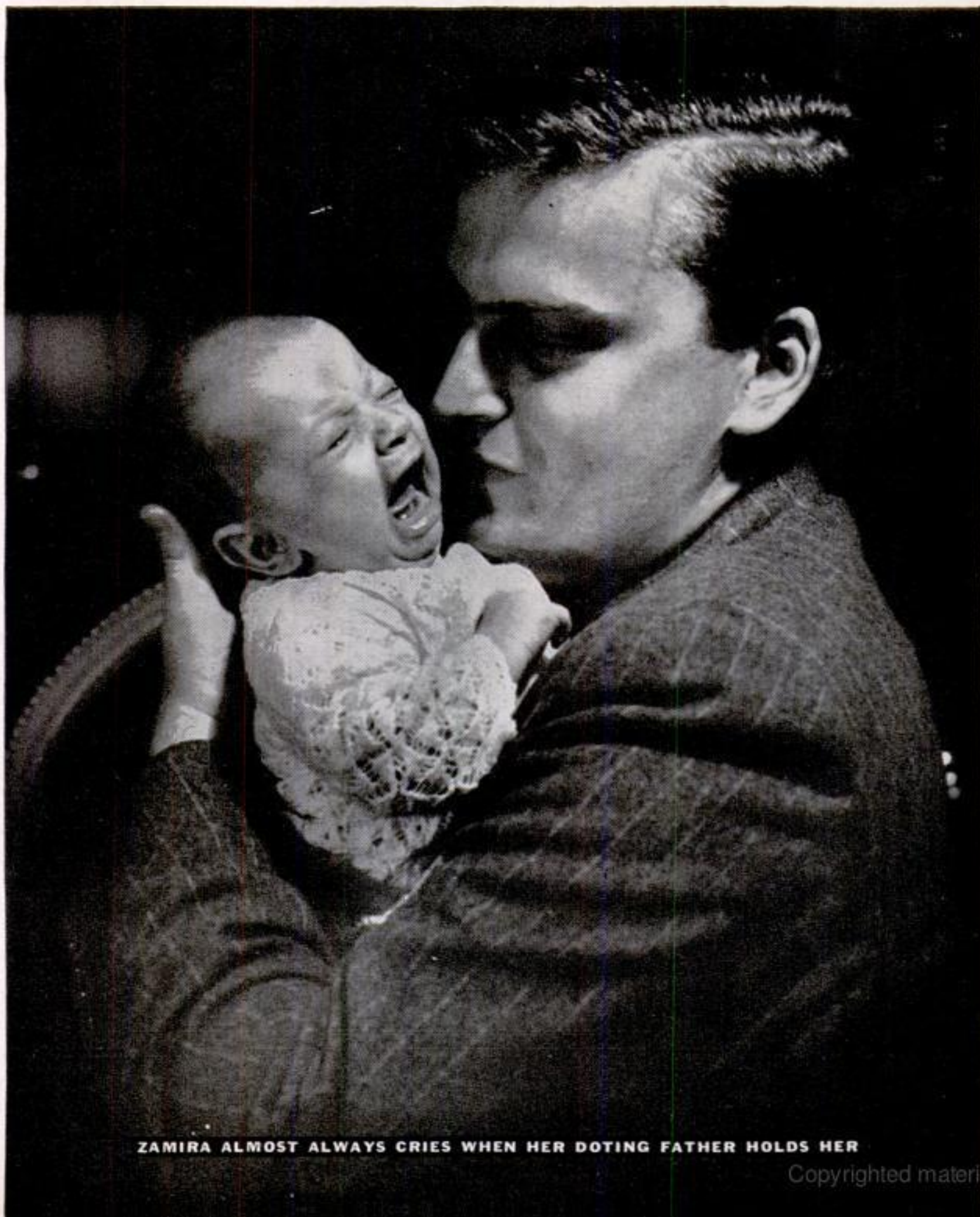
Now almost 23, Yehudi is a big, awkward-looking chap with a quiet, absorbed manner. Nola, who is 20, is just the opposite—a lively, talkative girl with a fine head of red hair. They both adore Zamira. Yehudi is as adroit as his wife in changing diapers. After Zamira was born, Yehudi said he hoped she would either love music or hate it. He didn't want her to be passive. When he plays his violin, Zamira seems to listen intently. Her eyes follow the bow. Sometimes she smiles and gurgles. Whenever her father plays exercises, she cries. As she starts to cry, she thrusts her lower lip out in a pout. Whenever Zamira does this, Yehudi's face lights up. He leans over his daughter and says: "Isn't she sweet?"



WHEN YEHUDI PLAYS, ZAMIRA SEEMS TO FOLLOW HIS BOW WITH RAPT GAZE



ZAMIRA LIES QUIET IN THE ARMS OF HER GAY AND PRETTY MOTHER





Pinocchio



This is Geppetto, who carved him of pine because he wanted a son, and painted his funny face.



At first Pinocchio did have strings, and old Geppetto made the woodenhead dance by pulling them.

This is Pinocchio, the wood boy, who sings: "Heigh-ho, the merry-o, there are no strings on me."

DISNEY'S STORY OF THE PUPPET

It was written in the stars that Walt Disney, greatest creator of fantasy in our day, should some time do the sad, wise and ancient Italian fable of *Pinocchio*, written down by Colodi. So he started two years ago, after *Snow White* was finished, worked slowly, made 300,000 drawings, spent \$2,500,000, ordered six irresistible songs—and now *Pinocchio* is ready. LIFE here presents this American masterpiece, loveliest of Disney films, in a Christmas booklet for all young readers under or over 12.



This is Jiminy Cricket, cousin to Wilbur the Grasshopper, who was appointed Pinocchio's conscience.



Because Geppetto was so kind and because he wanted a son, the Blue Fairy gave life to Pinocchio,

an event celebrated by every one in Geppetto's shop, including the manikins in the cuckoo clocks.

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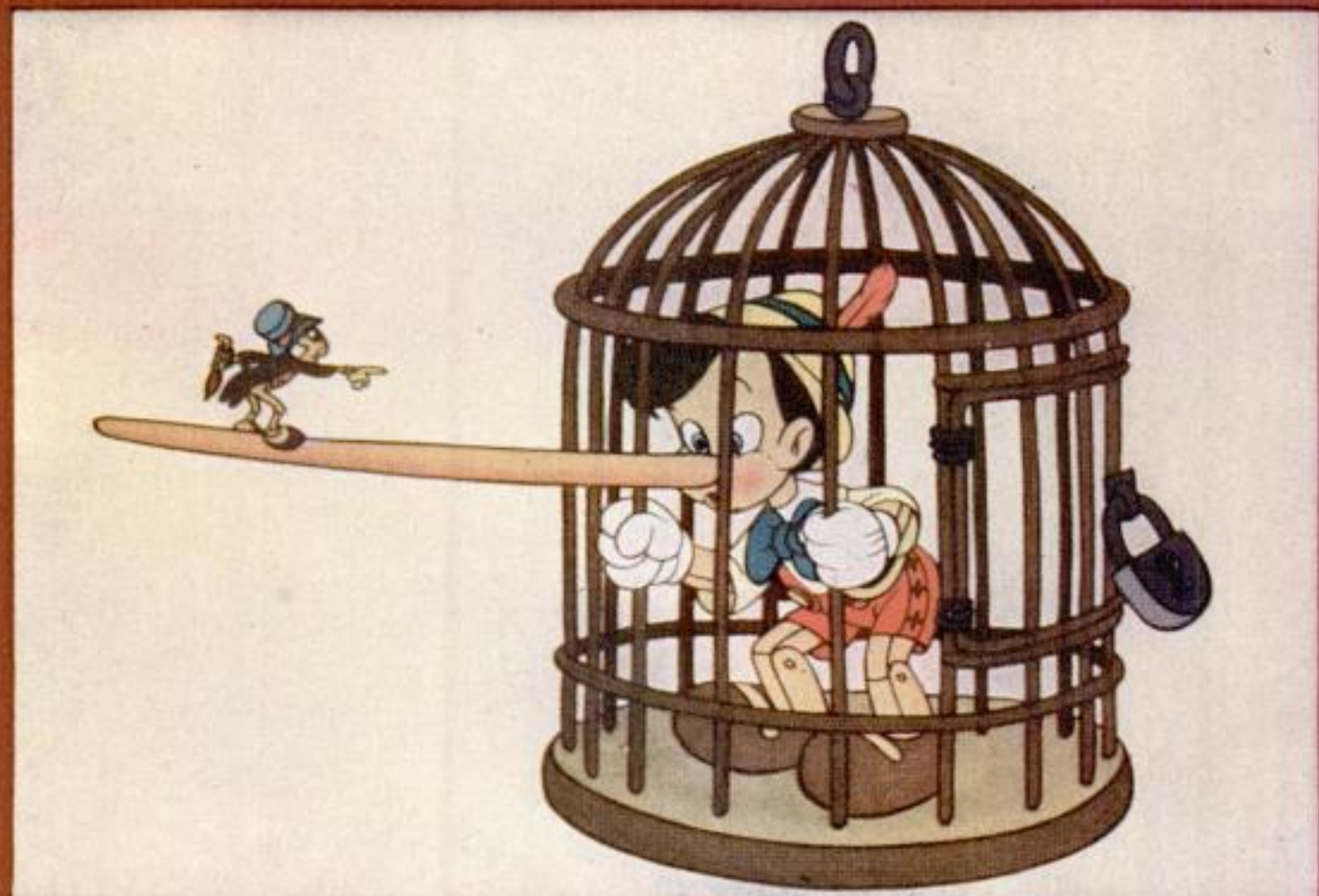
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Bound for school, Pinocchio met Gideon the Cat, and J. Worthington Foulfellow, alias "Honest John" the Fox, who told him he was born to be an actor.



"Honest John" the Fox persuaded Pinocchio to forget all about school and sold him, after haggling on the price, to Stromboli, the bearded puppet-master.



Stromboli kept Pinocchio locked up in this bird cage. His nose grew so long because he lied when the Blue Fairy asked him why he did not go to school.



"I'll go to school and try to become a real boy," vowed Pinocchio after the Blue Fairy freed him from the bird cage. But soon he wandered astray again.



Meanwhile, the wind howled and the rain fell and the houses swayed while old Geppetto with a lantern searched the town for his wayward wooden-

headed boy. Stromboli's puppet-show wagon passed, but that was the last place the forlorn wood-carver would have thought of looking for Pinocchio.

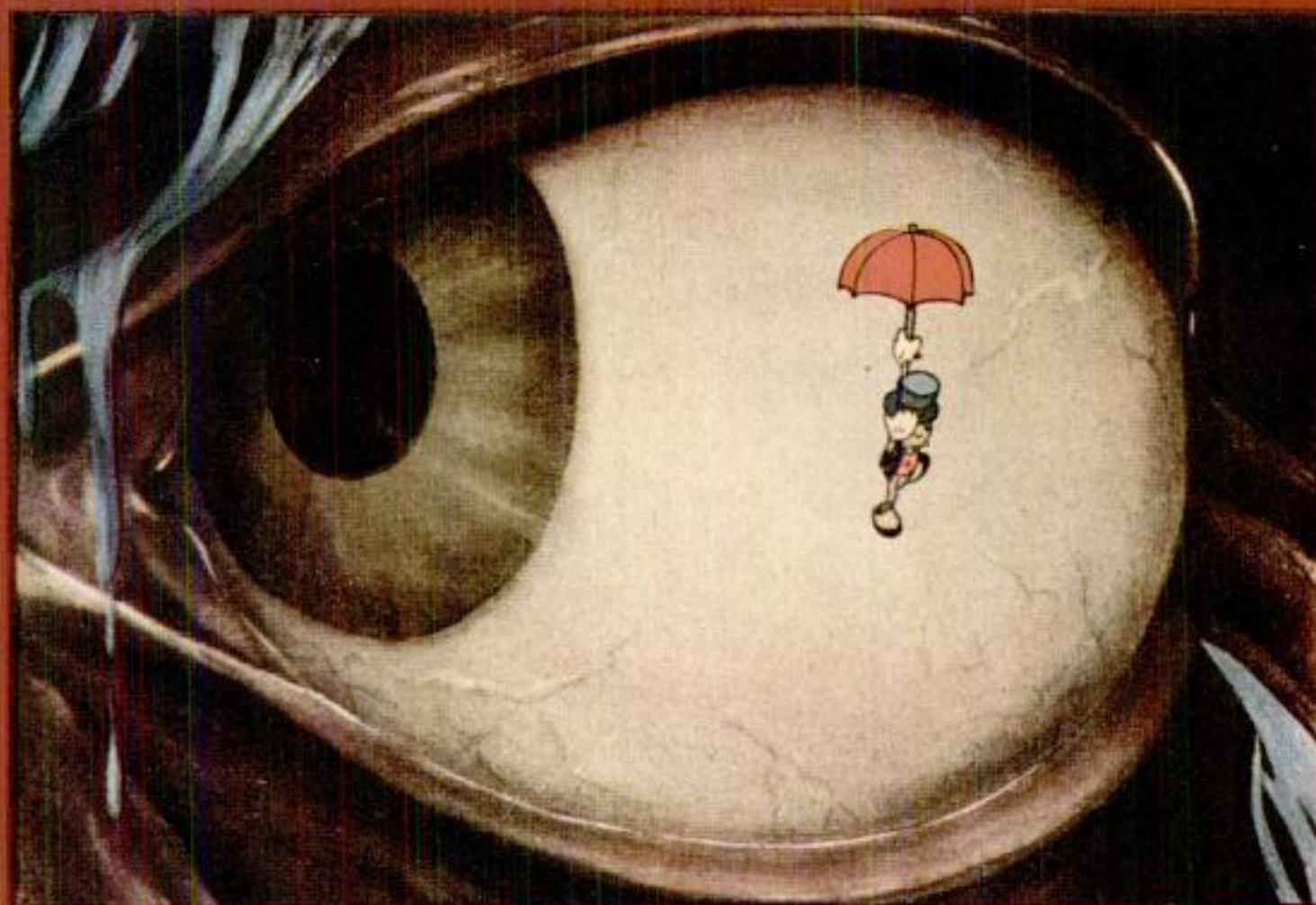


When Geppetto heard that Pinocchio had gone to Pleasure Island, that paradise for boys, where every single day is a holiday and lollipops grow on

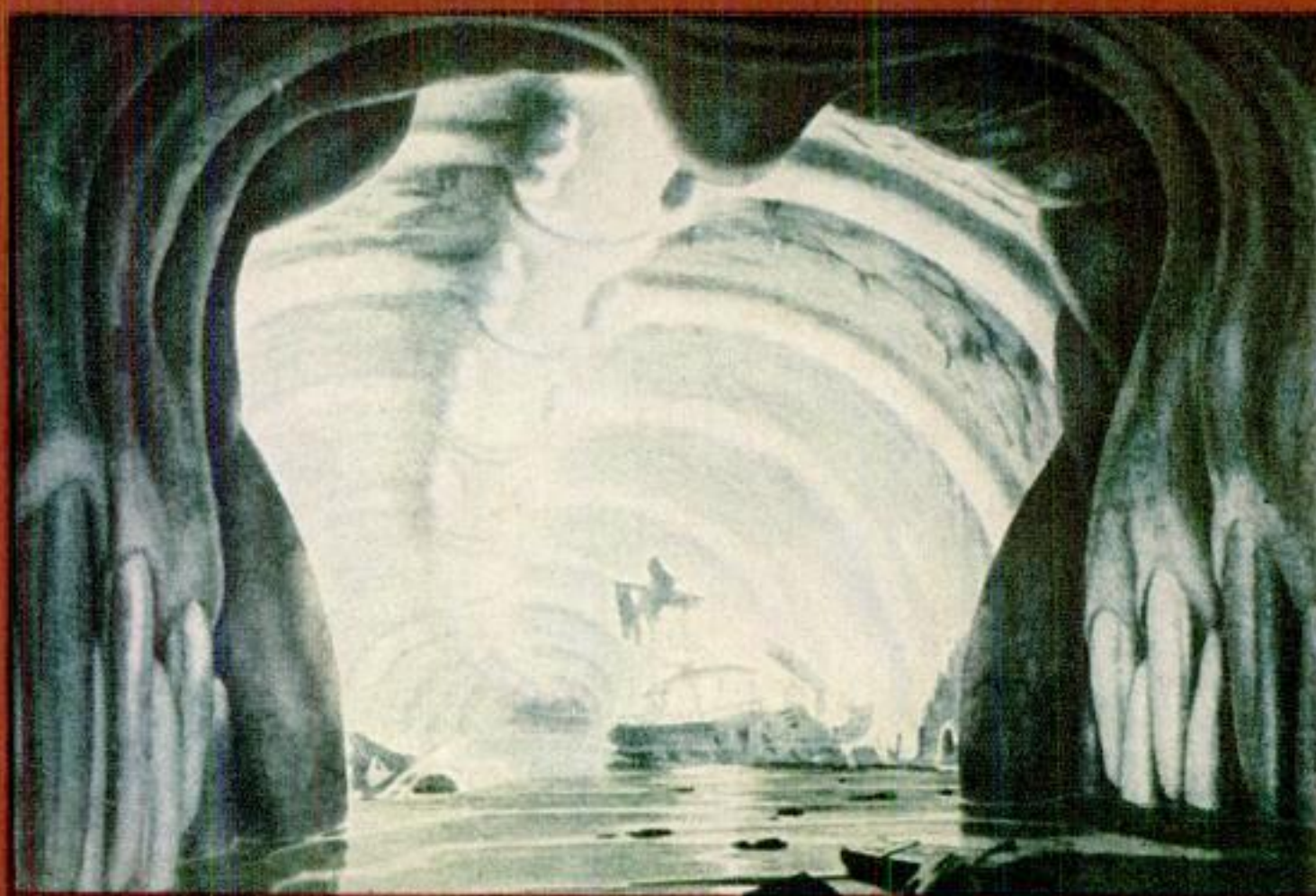
bushes, he started out to find him in this little boat. For Geppetto knew that boys who run away from school are soon turned into little braying donkeys.



Pinocchio, who almost became a donkey before he escaped from Pleasure Island, found Geppetto gone from home and jumped into the sea to hunt him.



This is the eye of Monstro the whale who swallowed first Geppetto and after that Pinocchio, but poor little Jiminy Cricket was left floating around outside.



Inside the stomach of the whale was this great dark pool of water and this wreck of a ship, and on the ship lived old Geppetto, slowly starving to death.

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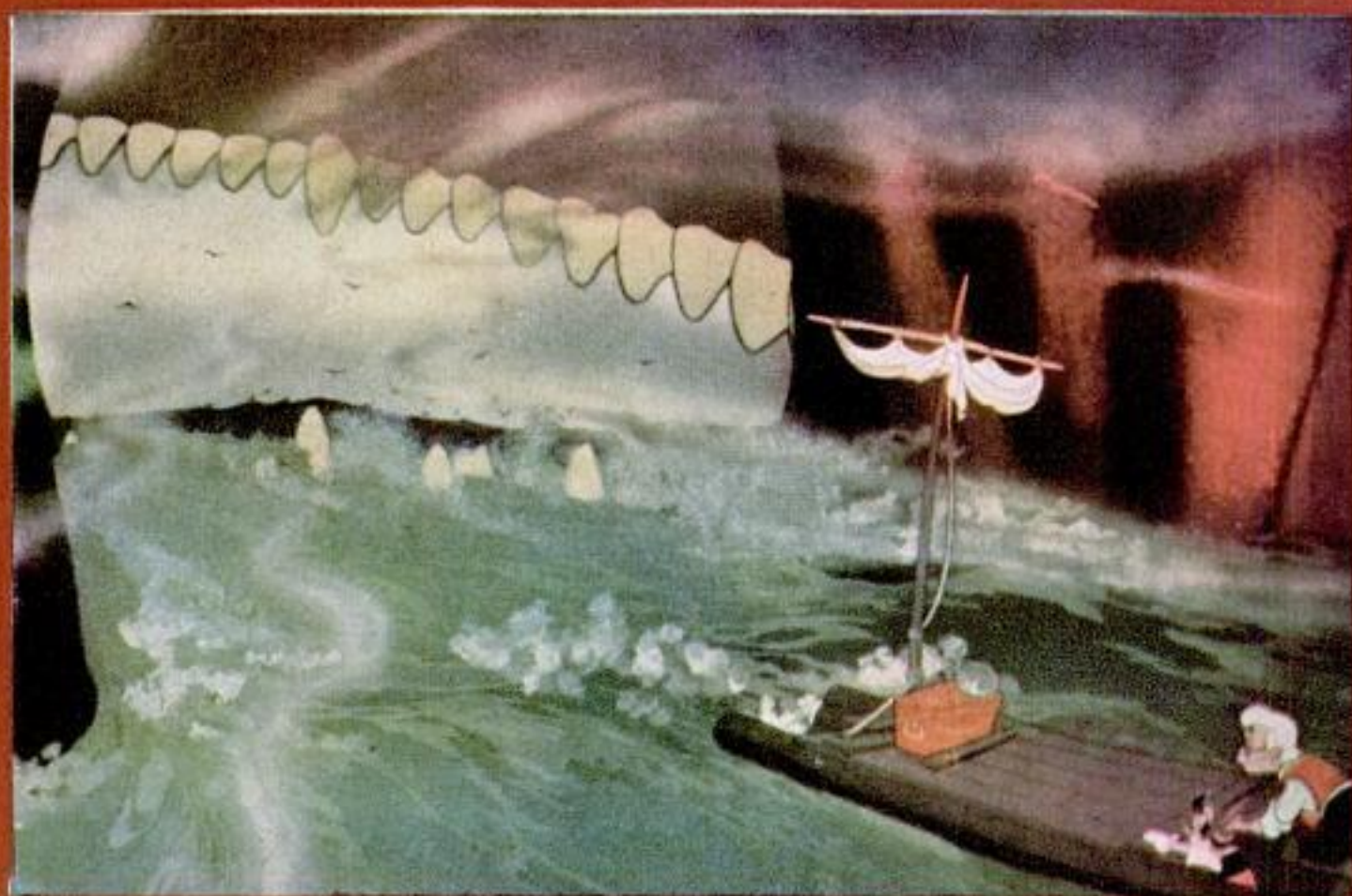


Day in and day out Geppetto and Figaro, his cat, fished over the side of the wrecked ship, but they never caught any fish. Then, one day, the whale

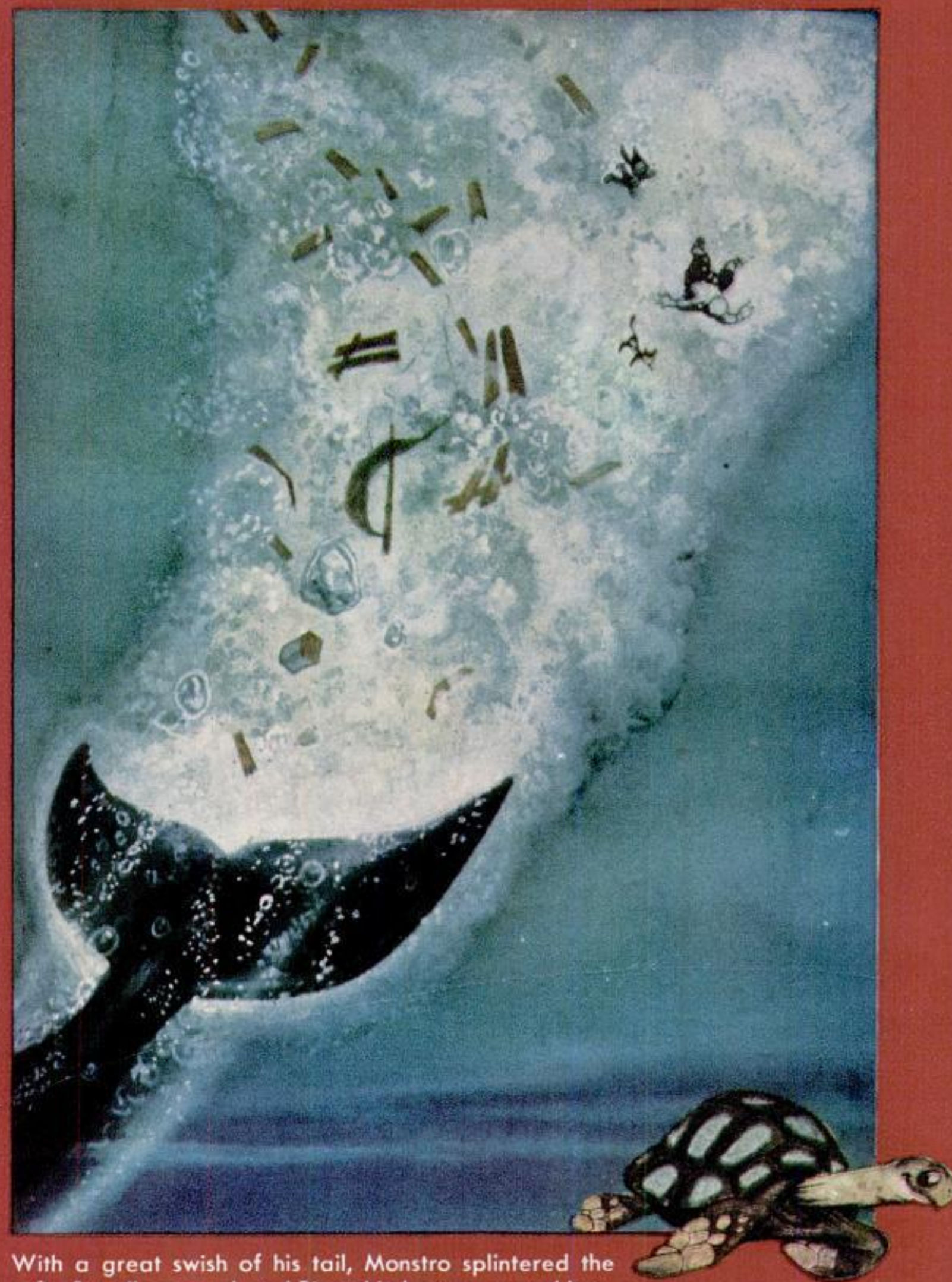
woke up and swallowed a whole school of tuna fish, and Geppetto and Figaro soon hauled in more food than they could hope to eat in a month.



With the tuna swallowed by the whale was Pinocchio himself. On his advice Geppetto built a fire so that the whale would have to open up his mouth.



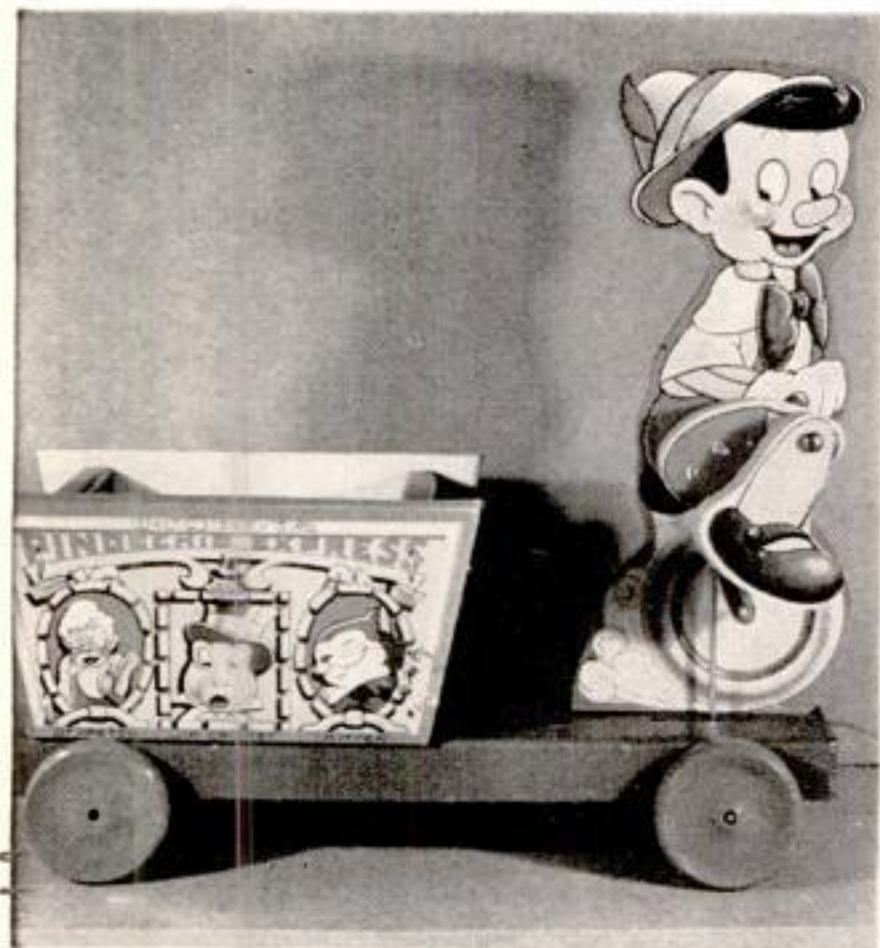
The smoke from the fire made Monstro grunt, cough and give a monstrous sneeze. Out past his teeth went wood-carver and puppet with their raft.



With a great swish of his tail, Monstro splintered the raft. But all escaped, and Pinocchio became a real boy.

PINOCCHIO IS LATEST DISNEY NOVELTY

The Pinocchio doll at right with movable head and joints is 3 ft. high and costs \$15. He is only one product of a vast industry that has grown up around Walt Disney's movies. So important has this industry become that the novelties inspired by *Snow White* kept a good part of Akron in jobs for nearly a year. With the February release of *Pinocchio*, sales are expected to go to new highs. Some 1,500 items, including food, soap, silverware, games, toothbrushes, umbrellas, raincoats, valentines and jewelry, have been licensed. Disney *Pinocchio* books alone, in 24 editions by six publishers, will sell more than 12,000,000 copies. Other items range from 5¢ candy bars to \$15,000 charm bracelets (made to order) by famed New York Jeweler Cartier.



"The Pinocchio Express" is a 50¢ Disney toy. Legs move in a peddling action when cart is pulled by string.



Pinocchio hat for girls (compare with the hat on doll, right) sells for \$2.95.



Geppetto tumbler costs 10¢. Expected sale: 16,000,000.



Jiminy Cricket with movable arms and head costs \$1.



Pinocchio games will appear on thousands of 10¢-store counters.



Pinocchio book ends at \$1 are made for bookish youngsters. Disney gets license fee or royalty on each item.



Geppetto tie rack at \$1 encourages tidiness in Disney-loving youngsters.





John Curry, 42, paints in his studio at Wisconsin University during part of each day and spends other time arous-

ing student interest in art. Behind him is the heroic head of his *John Brown* shown in color on the opposite page.

JOHN CURRY

HE PAINTS AT WISCONSIN AS ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE

At this season, when it is good to see old friends, *LIFE* pays a return call on America's foremost painter of cyclones and circuses, John Steuart Curry of Kansas, whom original *LIFE* readers met in this magazine's first issue (Nov. 23, 1936). In three years Curry, with his pipe, his smile and his bald head, has not changed much. But meantime he has painted some of his best pictures and has had "one of the strangest jobs ever offered to a U. S. artist."

In December 1936, Curry was appointed Artist-in-Residence at Wisconsin University. Instead of teaching formal art classes, he was expected to mingle with students, encourage painting among those who showed talent and in his studio instruct a few most promising students. Above all, he was to continue his own work. His annual pay for four years was to be \$4,000, contributed by the Brittingham trust fund.

Today the experiment is rated by all parties as a success. As Curry's appointment came from the College of Agriculture, his studio is on its campus. Recalling his own boyhood on a Kansas farm, Curry is especially sympathetic with rural students. Sometimes he lectures to them. More often they meet casually and talk. Even the least art-minded student, after leaning over Curry's shoulder to see him draw a fine horse in the stock pavilion, picks up something about art. And on the football field, where Curry often sketches, the big, round-faced artist and his work are warmly regarded. Curry himself was a star halfback at Geneva College in Pennsylvania.

Curry's career shows what intelligent patronage can do for U.S. artists. After he had failed as a magazine illustrator, he was sent to Paris by Art Patron Seward Prosser. Later Curry's brother bought him a Connecticut house and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney subsidized him for two years at \$50 a week. Curry now has four murals in Washington's Government buildings, his work hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, and he ranks with top U. S. artists. His patrons agree they never made a better investment.



Mr. and Mrs. Curry at home in Madison, Wis., examine a startling pair of socks sent to John by a friendly neighbor.



Curry gets up early to hunt rabbit and pheasant in his own ten-acre backyard. Mrs. Curry says he is a crack shot.



Close friends, Chris Christensen (right) and Curry come out of College of Agriculture where Christensen is Dean.



JOHN BROWN

This heroic portrait of John Brown is a preliminary study for one of twelve murals that John Curry was commissioned to paint for the Kansas State Capitol. Brown is the central figure of one section called *Tragic Prelude* depicting the history of Kansas leading up to the Civil War.

Brown moved to Kansas in 1855 to join five of his

20 sons. A militant opponent of slavery, he clashed with the pro-slavery forces in a series of bloody massacres before Virginia caught and hanged him in 1859. Here Curry portrays him in all his messianic fervor with wind whipping his beard and his arms outstretched to protect the Negro below him. The Kansas twister on the horizon is symbolic of the approaching Civil War.



LAND RUSH

For years the U. S. Government had tried to hold Oklahoma as an Indian reservation, but the land hunger grew so great that in 1889 President Harrison opened the territory for settlement. No one was allowed in the new land until April 22. On that morning 50,000 people were camped on the borders for "the rush" and at twelve noon an army bugle shrilled the charge. In wagons and buckboards, on horseback and

bicycles, the settlers rushed into Oklahoma, searched the draws for homesteads and staked out whole towns on the alkali flats. When the prairie meadow larks sang at sundown, thousands had found homes.

John Curry has captured the spirit of the headlong rush in this painting for the General Land Office in Washington, D. C. He has signed his name and address on the dashing spring wagon on the right.



HOMESTEAD

Abraham Lincoln signed the Homestead Act of 1862 giving settlers tracts of free land to cultivate. The first homestead was filed near Beatrice, Neb., on Jan. 1, 1863. Curry has here painted for the Land Office a Civil War veteran's family settling along the banks of the Arkansas River in Kansas. Such families were called "soddies" because of their sod houses. The father, still wearing his blue Union

Army cap, is driving posts for a fence required by the Government. His plow has broken the tough buffalo grass to the door of his sod house. Over the door, below the antelope horns, a horseshoe hangs in the generally accepted manner to bring luck. John Curry knows the tall skies of the flat prairie country. His clouds always pile up realistically and he knows how the sun plays on them in the clear air of the plains.



Into Curry's studio at the University of Wisconsin an art class marches to see and discuss his newest work. The Artist-in-Residence (*left*) stands in the doorway to welcome these youngsters with a broad grin. This simple one-room studio was built for John Curry, after his own plans, for \$4,000.



Curry gives advice to Artists Teppo Taipale (*left*) and Frank Utpatel, who are not University students but have special appointments to study with Curry. Both are working on murals for local high schools. On the easel is Utpatel's sketch of a covered-wagon scene.

A contemporary painting class in Curry's studio listens while art instructor, John Kienitz, lectures on Curry's *John Brown*. In the peculiar position of hearing himself discussed as one of America's leading painters, Curry stands by (*right*) modestly smoking his pipe. In an even more peculiar po-

sition, Instructor Kienitz must discuss faults and merits of the picture in the artist's presence. The class, however, with no such worries, can enjoy seeing modern art in the making. John Curry and John Kienitz, regardless of John Brown, are very good friends.





Middleton Place

The Low Country

Rich Northerners, lured by quiet charm of coastal South Carolina, now own many great plantations

There are two Carolinas, North and South. There are also two South Carolinas, Low Country and Up Country. Low Country is a strip of coastal land, warmed by the Gulf Stream. It runs inland about 50 miles, as far as the tide up its low, slow rivers. Up Country starts where tidewater ends, climbing through sandy pine barrens across the Piedmont plateau. Up Country is about three-quarters of the State. In it are most of the State's industries and its two big cash crops, cotton and tobacco.

In the Low Country the cash crops were once indigo, rice and long staple cotton. But they are all gone. Today the big cash crop is rich Northerners who have come South and bought the plantations where Carolina aristocrats once lived and ruled. The "Yankees" come South in winter to hunt, to relax and to enjoy the feudal feeling of property which owning thousands of plantation acres gives them.

The brisk Northerner soon succumbs to the subdued enchantment of this misty, gray-purple land. Its languid rivers curl leisurely past old plantation landings. On placid lagoons, live oaks drip Spanish moss. Camellias bloom all winter. Spring breaks quickly at the end of February. Then the azaleas bloom, the yellow jessamine climbs through the woods, the white Cherokee rose opens, the snowy dogwood and the white magnolia break out. By the end of March, the historic gardens are at their magnificent best and the admission-paying tourists flock to Magnolia Gardens or to Middleton Place (shown opposite). Home of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Middleton Place is still owned by the descendants of the Middleton family.

Romantic Carolinians still look back to their antebellum Golden Age. For them, the woods are haunted with old loveliness, and the plantation verandas by ghosts of spirited girls and grave gentlemen. The Golden Age ended with Sherman's destructive march up from Georgia. Sherman's Yankees are still hated in the Low Country but today's invaders, who bring new money to a proud but poor land, are not. "In 1865," said a venerable Low Country lady, "the Devil sent the Yankees. Today God sends them."



Real estate agents prosper with sales to Yankees who pick up historic plantations for as little as \$10 an acre.



The old plantation houses have been greatly restored by the Northern millionaires who have bought them. This is on Harrietta plantation, built in 1797. Facing

out on the Santee River, Harrietta belonged to the Huger (pronounced "U-gee") family. It is now owned by Horatio Shonnard, whose wife is a blue-blooded Southerner.



In old rice fields (above), duck shooting is superb—a prime reason for the presence of Northerners in the Low Country. At twilight the ducks' huge flights move like a dark

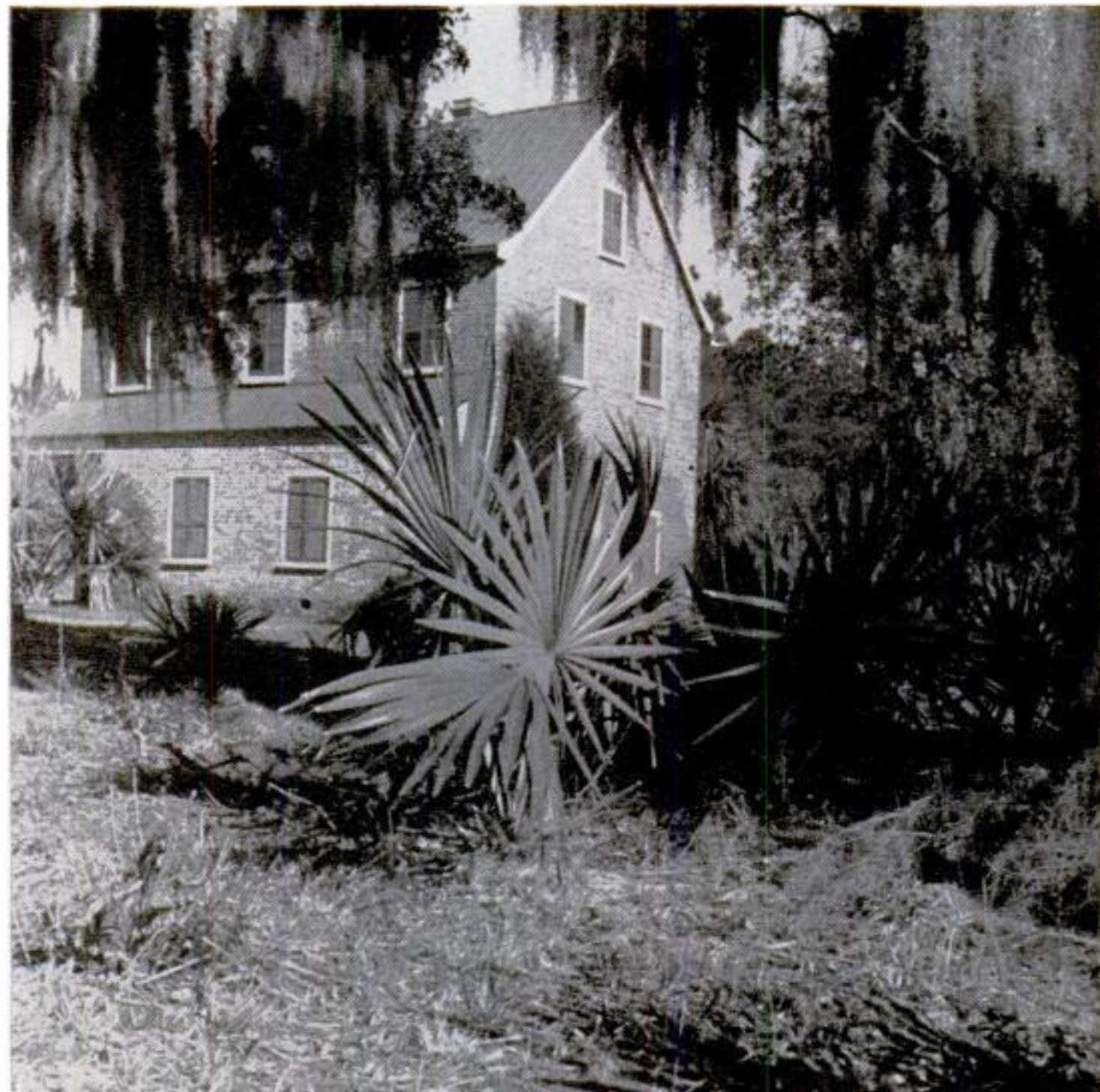
curtain across the fading sky. Below are slave quarters of Boone Hall Plantation. Their brick was baked in plantation kilns. Their Charleston tile roofs are almost priceless.



The Low Country (continued)



The old parish church nestles in woods, next to old burying grounds. Most plantations have their own burying grounds. This is Strawberry Chapel, near Moncks Corners.



The Rice Mills are useless today, last commercial crop having been grown 25 years ago. This mill at Boone Hall is now a guesthouse. Long-leaved plants are palmettos.

Boone Hall, like most great plantation houses, is approached by an umbrageous avenue of live oak trees.

This one is a mile long. Original Boone place was granted in the late 1600s to Major John Boone. The old plantation

house was long since destroyed. Present one, done in traditional style, was built by the present owner, Thomas A. Stone.





Plantation Shadows

The low winter sun pushes long shadows of the live oaks across the lawns of old plantations. Here they fall on the lawn of Bonny Hall, now owned by Nelson Doubleday, the publisher. The shadow of the plan-

tation itself has fallen across the whole history of the Low Country. At first the province was divided into great baronies which were broken up when the plantation age began. The plantations, most with their own rice mills, were built along rivers where the rice fields were. The owners were infinitely hospitable, posting Negro servants at the gates just

to invite travelers in. The Negroes were Gullahs, who improvised a strange, half-English language of their own which they still speak today. Many historians agree with Carolinians who believe that the plantation culture of the Old South reached its apogee in the Low Country where, for all its inequalities, life was dignified and gracious and satisfying.



The Quiet Woods

Hunting is wonderful in the Low Country, which teems with game. In early morning, huntsmen ride through the quiet woods on horseback or in a buggy. This party is on Medway, the Sidney J.

Legendre plantation, riding along an old canal bank under festoons of Spanish moss. The deer move silent as shadows through the indistinct tangle. The nocturnal 'coon and 'possum are snuggled up in sleep.

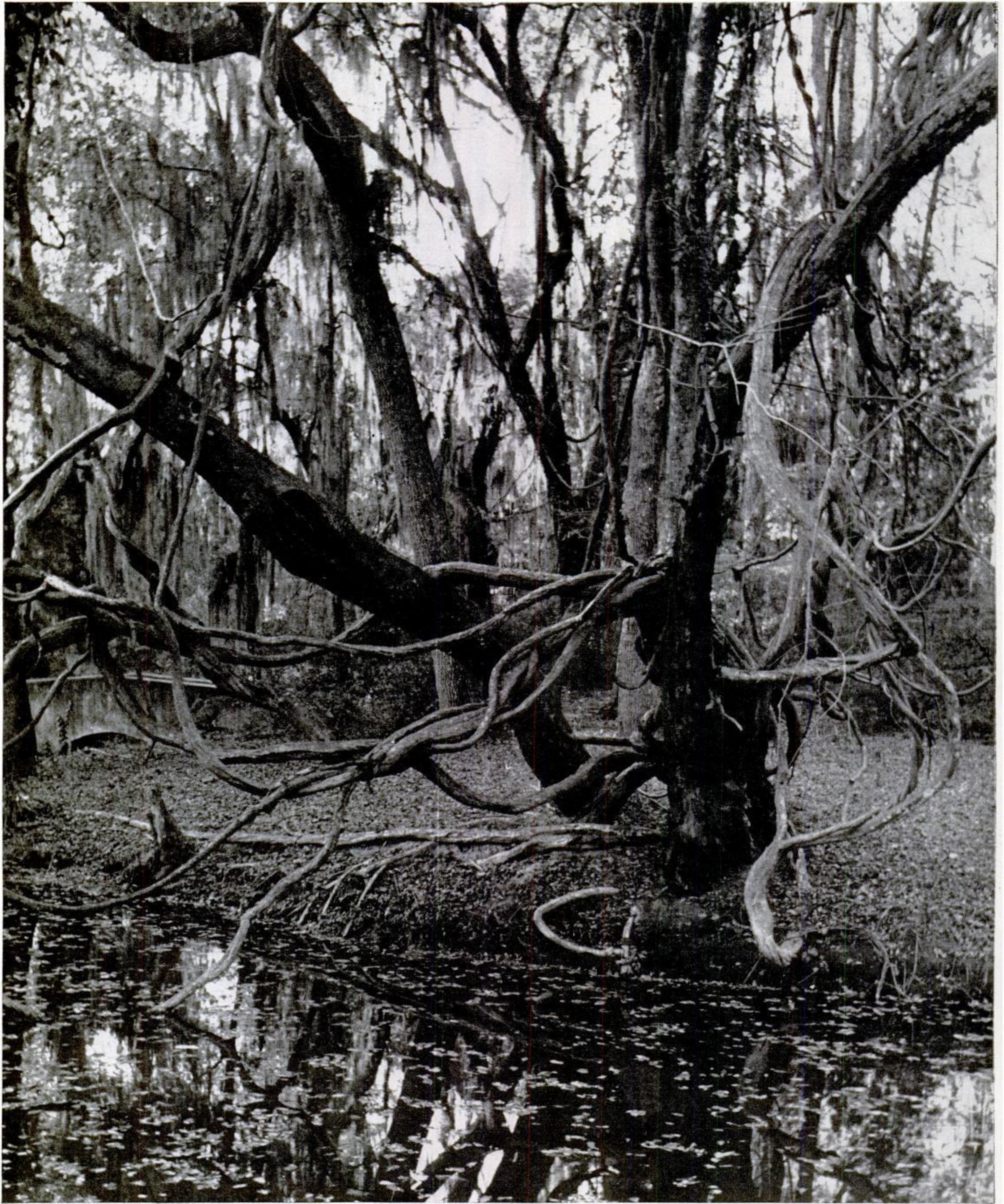


The thickets are filled with quail and wild turkey, the bogs with snipe, the fields with doves.

But when the song birds throng up in the early spring, the woods are no longer quiet. Then the gay

chatter breaks noisily through the pines and cypress. Bright warblers, orioles, woodpeckers, cardinals and tanagers flicker across the trails and through the budding trees. Up in the branches, egrets and gawky ibis

build rookeries for their young. On the rice fields, long-legged herons step stiffly between the yellow lotus pads. The alligators turn heavily over and as the warm days come on, the insects begin to swarm.



Live Oak & Wisteria

Along the old canals, the moss-bearded live oaks grow. Sometimes their thick limbs are tangled with persistent wisteria, which can grow thick as a man's thigh. The live oak is the most distinctive

tree of the Low Country. An evergreen, it holds its leaves through the winter, sheds them in spring only when new leaves begin to come out. Live oak branches are always draped with silver-gray festoons of Spanish moss, so that the venerable trees stand, as Longfellow wrote, "with beards that rest on their bosoms." The live oak above, 200 years old,

stands on edge of a lagoon at The Oaks plantation.

Water is everywhere in the South Carolina Low Country. The canals which connect the rivers and the rice fields were dug by the rice planters whose marshes had to be periodically inundated as the rice sprouted. When the river rose with the tide, the water could flood through the canal and into the fields.



Charleston Church

Capital of the Low Country is Charleston, whose inhabitants probably have better manners and a more thorough appreciation of good living than the residents of any other city in the U. S. Many of the

Low Country gentry now live in Charleston. They are gracious to Northerners but a "Yankee" is rarely invited to the exclusive St. Cecilia Ball, although invitations still go to some impoverished aristocrats who bear proud Low Country names.

The people of Charleston still live in the lovely historic houses which line its streets. The church

above is St. Philip's, built a hundred years ago. In its graveyard lies John C. Calhoun, the great Carolina States' Rights champion who was born Up Country and married into an old Low Country family. St. Philip's has no church bells. During the War (1861-65, not 1914-18), its bells were cast into Confederate cannon and have never been replaced.



RED-FLANNEL SKIRT, RED WAISTCOAT, WHITE SWEATER, EAR WARMERS AND MITTENS MAKE A BRIGHT OUTFIT. LOOSE, ILL-FITTING SHOES HELPED LAND KITTY ON THE ICE

AMATEUR SKATERS SPORT BARE LEGS, SHORT SKIRTS ON MANY OUTDOOR RINKS

Because, for the past few winters, snow has obstinately refused to fall in the right places, winter sports enthusiasts have been switching from skiing to ice skating. Now ice skaters are no longer at the mercy of the weather. Man-made ice is available on more than 100 rinks, some of which are open summer and winter. Millions of admissions were paid by skaters in 1939 for the privilege of going about in circles and getting nowhere, except for an occasional flop on the ice.

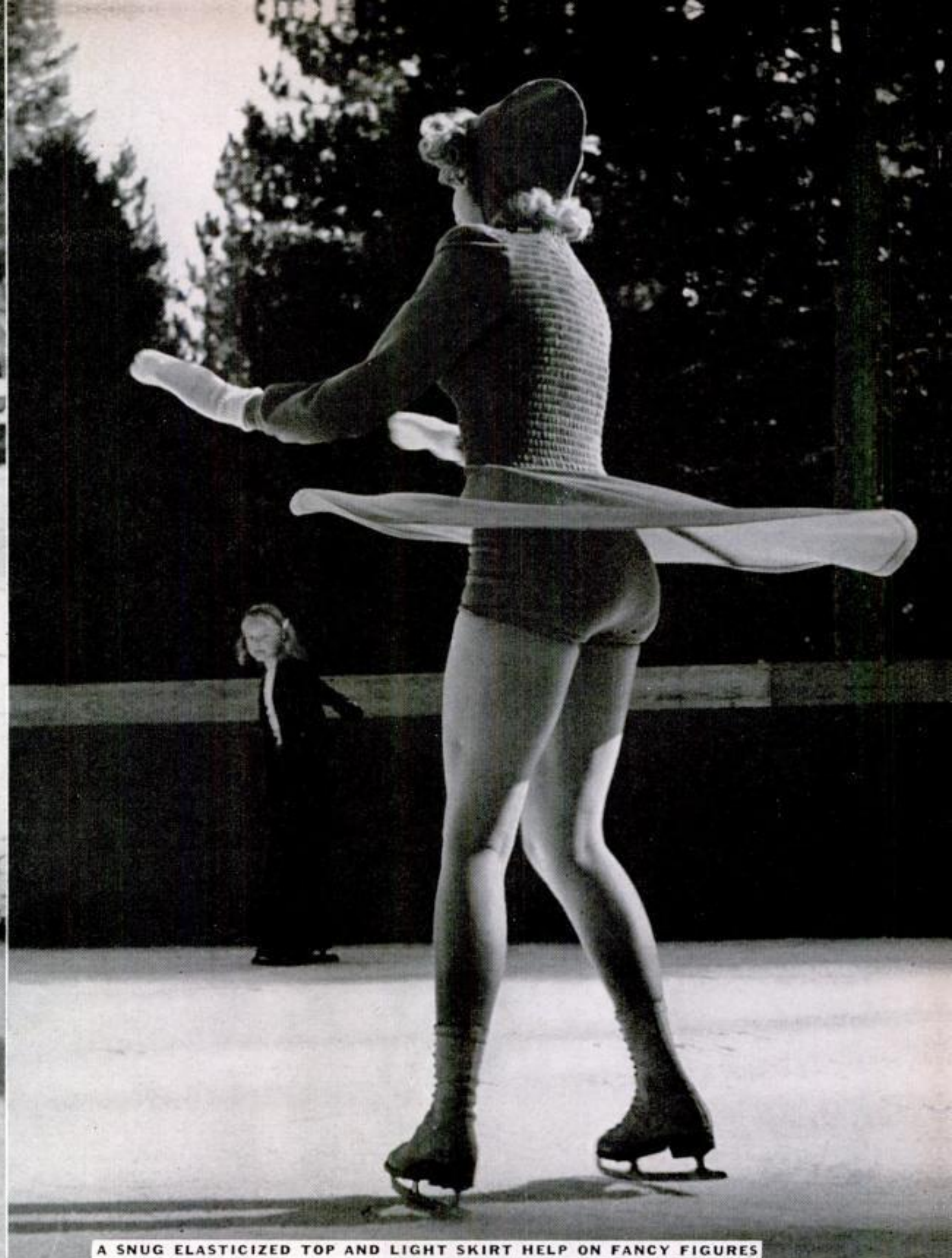
As a result of the ice-rink boom, skating clothes are the fashion sensation of the 1939-40 season. Six years ago, skating clothes such as those shown

on these pages, would have been custom-made. Only professionals and girls who took their figure skating seriously would have worn them. This year they are stocked by leading stores throughout the country. Beginners are buying skirts just above the knee, but girls who know their figures are wearing skirts at least six inches above the knee.

Stockings have always been a problem to figure skaters. Unless stockings are extra long and well supported, ungainly garters and tops are likely to show when spinning. Heavy socks are bulky, make it difficult to fit shoes snugly. More and more amateur skaters at rinks are now doing their stuff bare-legged.



WITHOUT SKIRT, THIS GIRL CAN EASILY WATCH HER TRACINGS ON THE ICE



A SNUG ELASTICIZED TOP AND LIGHT SKIRT HELP ON FANCY FIGURES



LONGER SKIRT, WARMER JACKET AND KNEE SOCKS OUTFIT A BEGINNER



PLEATED SKIRT, SHIRT, BLOOMERS IN A RED AND NAVY PLAID WOOL

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

As head of the Church, Cosmo Gordon Lang must determine whether God is fighting for England

by NOEL F. BUSCH

According to legends of the House of Lords, a peer once disturbed the ceremonial calm of that body by reeling into the chamber roaring drunk and so oblivious to his surroundings that, when he spied the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, robed in their long white surplices, he shouted: "Women, by God!" and tried to embrace both distinguished churchmen simultaneously.

Had the present Archbishop of Canterbury been subjected to such an outrage, it would have ruffled neither his dignity nor his sense of humor. As a matter of fact, the war has surrounded the Right Hon. and Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang with developments which, while more gravely disquieting, have been no less improbable.

An example of My Lord Archbishop's unflinching aplomb is the matter of the blimp. One of the British Air Ministry's schemes for frustrating raids on London consists of a flock of several hundred flabby little captive balloons. By night the balloons, whose function is to entangle attacking planes, float over the city. By day they are reeled in and tethered in vacant lots, lawns and areaways. One such blimp reposes within the walled garden of Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop's residence. The Archbishop has taken a great interest and often goes out to chat with the half-dozen Royal Air Force men assigned to take care of it. "The men," he reported in a speech recently, "have been good enough to call it the 'Arch-blimp!'"

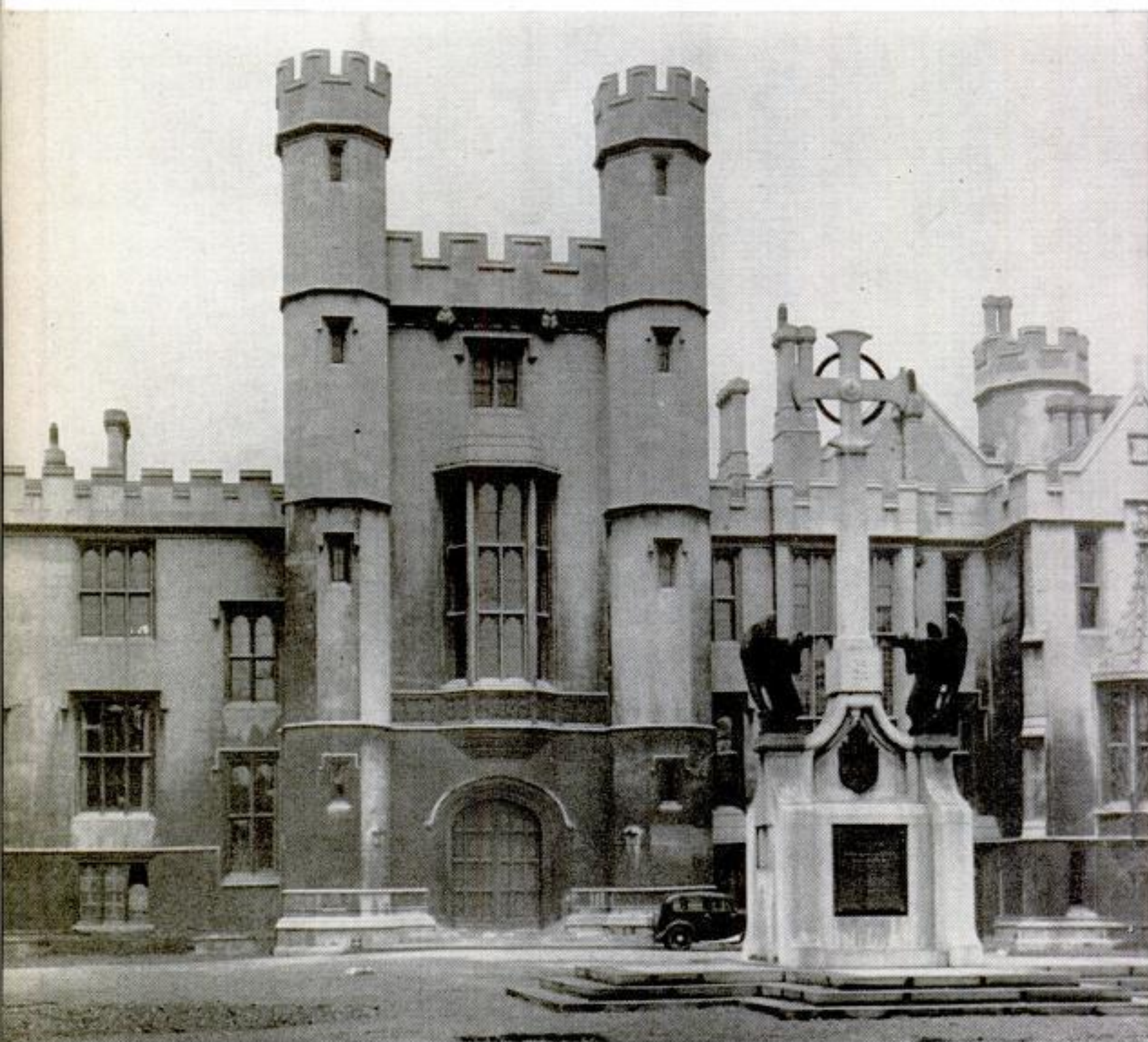
Cosmo Cantuar, as the Archbishop signs himself (Cantuar is an abbreviation for *Cantuarium*, Latin for Canterbury), is a ruddy, worldly wise, eloquent, opinionated old gentleman of 75. For an Archbishop, his life has been notably varied. He is an ex-novelist, author of a romance of the Scottish wars called *The Young Clanroy*. He is one of the few intimate friends of J. P. Morgan, upon whose yacht he was cruising the Mediterranean when the Italians invaded Albania. Before he became a cleric, he had started a career in politics which, many of his admirers now believe, might well have led to the Prime Ministership.

Cosmo Lang became a cleric almost by accident but his talents have certainly not been wasted in the Church. His current job is several hundred

years older than Neville Chamberlain's. At state functions the Archbishop of Canterbury rates sixth to the King, while the head of the temporal government is ninth. In England's present crisis, the functions of the Archbishop of Canterbury may well be as important, in a practical sense, as those of any member of the Cabinet. Englishmen have always gone out to battle with supreme assurance that God was on their side. This assurance has been a powerful force for victory. Among the peculiarities of Europe's current war is the fact that God has not yet been called in by either side. As liaison officer between Heaven and Parliament, it may soon become the Archbishop's duty to determine precisely for England at least where the Deity actually stands in the matter.

In order to understand the demands made upon the 94th successor of St. Augustine, it is necessary to bear in mind that the results of that worthy's missionary work among the barbarians of Britain is one of the most astounding organizations on the face of the globe. The Church of England and its affiliates contain some 40 million members, scattered from Hudson Bay to Singapore. It runs 13,550 churches and 8,500 schools in England alone. It has vast lands and an annual income from rents, dividends and contributions of £13,000,000 a year. In this huge ecclesiastical enterprise, the Archbishop of Canterbury occupies a position analogous to that of Chairman of the Board, the Board being the Assembly of the Church of England. Among the spiritual rulers of the world, the Archbishop of Canterbury is rivaled only by the Pope (Catholic), and the Emperor of Japan (Shinto). Even to Protestant Americans, who have no comparable churchman, Canterbury is probably the world's most influential religious figure. The Episcopal Church in America, a very weak imitation of the Anglican Church because it has no connection with the state, is nevertheless the most influential Protestant denomination in a Protestant country. Its ties with the Church of England are very close (early bishops were consecrated in Lambeth Chapel) and through it, the Archbishop wields a powerful influence on U. S. opinion.

The career of Cosmo Gordon Lang, who is the seventh son of the Very Reverend John Marshall Lang, tends to confirm the old superstition that



Lambeth Palace in London has been residence of Archbishops of Canterbury for seven centuries. Its most recent residential addition dates from 1829. Memorial in foreground marks spot where present Archbishop's predecessor celebrated his Golden Wedding in 1928.



On the Archbishop's desk are two clocks, calendar, chrysanthemums and portraits of King and Queen, towards whom he has a fatherly affection in contrast to the animosity he felt for Edward VIII because of Mrs. Simpson. King George looks to Archbishop for political as well as spiritual advice.

seventh sons are always remarkable. The chances against any British subject becoming Archbishop of Canterbury are prodigious. In the case of Cosmo Gordon Lang, they were increased by the fact that his father was not only no member of the Church of England but the closest equivalent of Archbishop—i.e. Moderator—of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Cosmo Lang and his numerous brothers grew up in the village of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, seat of John Marshall Lang's country parish. One of them, Marshall, followed his father to become Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in 1935, thus giving the Lang brothers, for that year, almost a monopoly on the religious life of the British Isles.

Cosmo was schooled at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford. At Oxford, he was distinguished less for devout than for secular interests. He became head of the Oxford Union, nursery for British statesmen. In his spare time he wrote plays and acted in amateur theatricals, put on by the Oxford University Dramatic Society. The only clue to his future occurs in the comment of a London critic on one of his performances on the stage: "Mr. C. G. Lang delivered his lines fairly well although the reason he had attired himself as a Doctor of Divinity was scarcely apparent."

A poor devil of a parson

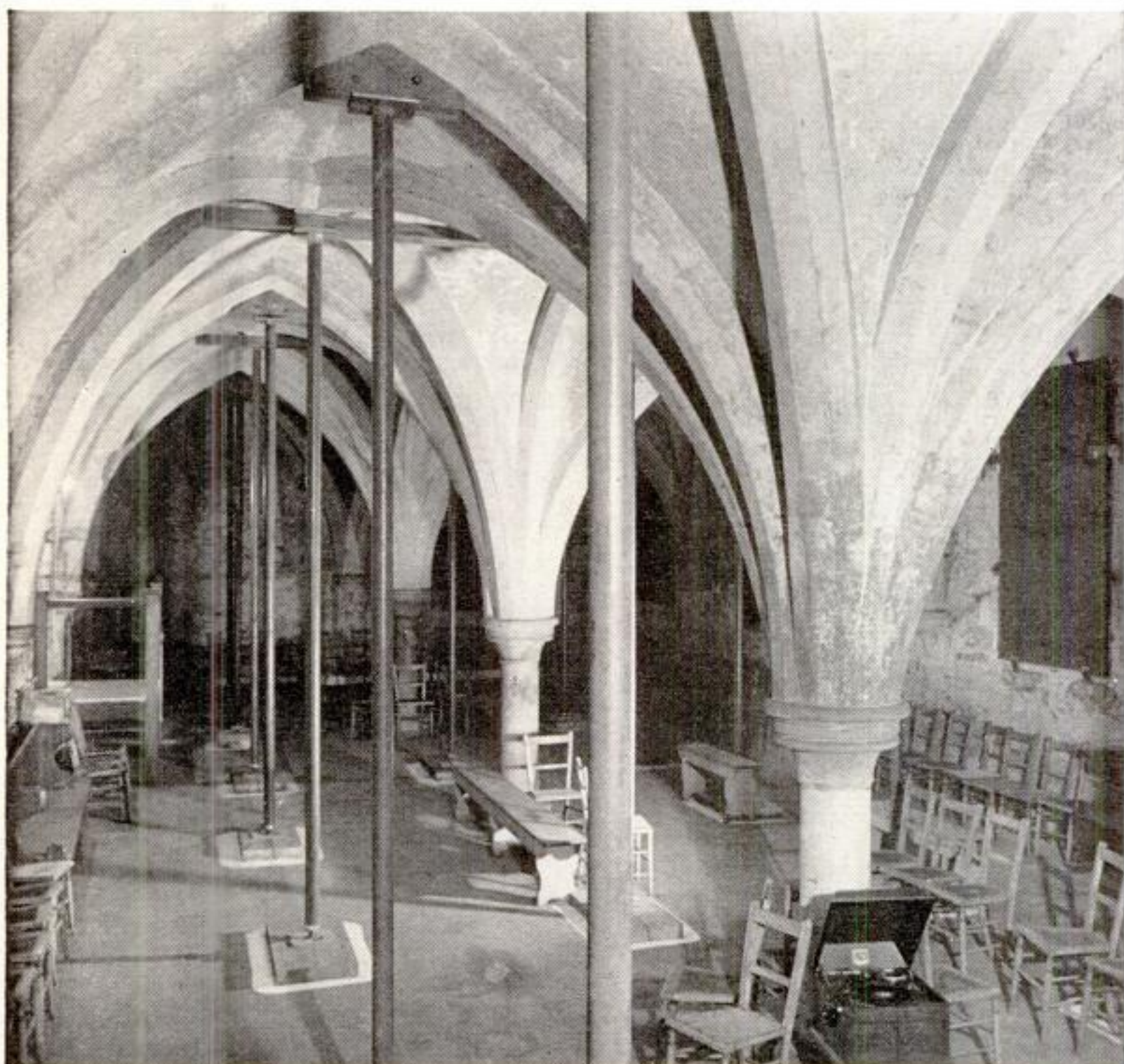
Cosmo Lang graduated from Oxford in 1886 and spent the next three years studying law in London and preparing himself for a political career. The accident which totally changed the course of his life occurred one evening when, as a fledgling orator, he was riding from Oxford to Yorkshire to deliver a speech. His own description of the occurrence is eloquent:

"The train was delayed outside the station at Leeds. From the window I looked down at slums, the like of which I had never seen in East London. I saw a black-coated figure and said to myself: 'There is a poor devil of a parson spending his life in hovels like these.' Within less than two years, I was myself the black-coated parson."

As a poor-devil-of-a-parson in Leeds, Cosmo Gordon Lang likes to recall that he slept in a condemned tenement on a board bed only two feet wide, while ministering to the wants of people even poorer than himself. There were, however, greater forces at work in the young cleric than a mere desire to serve the humble, and his excursion into the lower depths was predestined to be brief.

By 1896 he had risen far enough up the ecclesiastical ladder to be appointed Vicar of Portsea, near Portsmouth. It so happened that Queen Victoria used to spend her summers on the Isle of Wight, just across Spithead from Portsea, and in due time the new vicar was invited to preach for Her Majesty. Young Dr. Lang had never worked as hard on a sermon as he did on that one. It was a great success. The Queen thought Dr. Lang "so human" and from that time on his relations with the royal family have been close. Once Victoria suggested that he might get along with fewer

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



During air raids, "the Arch," as the British clergy fondly call him, goes down into Lambeth Palace crypt where he had a phonograph (right) installed to pass the time. At right he appears in formal attire: black silk hat, coat, cassock, breeches and gaiters. Around his neck hangs the Bishop's pectoral cross.

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ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (continued)

curates if he had a capable wife to help him. Dr. Lang declined the suggestion saying: "I can sack a curate but I cannot sack a wife."

It was at Portsea that Cosmo Lang made his main excursion into literature. One of his duties as vicar was telling bedtime stories to a boys' club and a friend who heard him at this chore urged him to publish his tales. This suggestion the young prelate took, with the result that *The Young Clanroy*, by the Rev. G. C. Lang, appeared in 1897. When, several years ago, Novelist Hugh Walpole informed Cosmo Cantuar that he possessed a copy of this work, the Archbishop said he was "horrified" and referred to it as "that dreadful book." Actually it is a capable piece of juvenile adventure writing. It contains blood and thunder, an extraordinarily dewy heroine named Dorothy and a character called the Black Priest who might interest students of Freudian psychology, but the stories move along. The book's weakness is sentimentality. Its virtue is a freshness and simplicity sometimes lacking in later *ex cathedra* utterances signed by Cosmo Cantuar.

He turns down one see, gets another

Once having made firm friends with the royal family, Cosmo Lang's advancement was rapid. In 1901 he became Bishop of Stepney and seven years later declined the Archbishopric of Montreal. The Archbishop of York was growing very old and the ambitious young prelate did not want to be out of England when the great See of York fell vacant. Within a month York died and Dr. Lang stepped into his place at the unprecedented age of 44. In this capacity he visited the U. S. during the World War.

Owing to the venerable intricacies of Church of England tradition, the Archbishop of York has, since the 11th Century, been technically "Primate of England," whereas the Archbishop of Canterbury, outranking him by a short adjective, is "Primate of All England." Both positions, however, carry life tenure and are regarded as adequate climaxes for any clerical career. Until 1928, few Archbishops of York had succeeded to the superior primacy. Cosmo Lang was proposed for the job by Prime Minister Baldwin and confirmed by the King after the resignation of Randall Davidson in 1928. He had a year or two of indifferent health shortly after his ordination but the onus of high office has since acted as a tonic and he has merely ripened with the years.

Even before the current war, the 20th Century was not a cozy era for a prelate. As early as 1922, when his official last name was still York, Cosmo Lang, in a sermon which the London *Daily Express* lavishly described as the greatest since Luther, predicted the collapse of civilization. The perpetual crisis with which his utterances indicate that the world has been faced for the past 20 years has tended to strengthen his fiber. When in 1936 Edward VIII supplied him with the greatest crisis with which he or any other

Archbishop of Canterbury had to grapple since the time of Henry VIII, Cosmo Cantuar was a seasoned veteran, ready for the test.

Managing the Abdication

Since his meeting as a young man with Victoria, Cosmo Cantuar had been friends with every member of the royal family—except one. George V's death had inspired him to the finest oratory of his career. The Archbishop would have been inhuman if he had not felt resentment when the King's oldest son behaved in ways "inconsistent" with royal tradition and Church of England morality. Edward VIII in return thought the Archbishop a tiresome fuddydud, an estimate later strengthened to "sanctimonious humbug."

The Archbishop's first public notice of Wallis Simpson came on in October, 1936, when he and his colleague of York "respectfully requested to be permitted to decline" a royal invitation to a dinner at St. James Palace at which Mrs. Simpson was to be present. Later the Archbishop threatened to withhold communion from Edward if he married a divorcée and Edward is supposed to have retorted: "Please remember that I am the head of your organization." On Nov. 17, while the British public was still in the dark about the whole affair, Canterbury presided at a secret meeting of the House of Lords to discuss Mrs. Simpson.

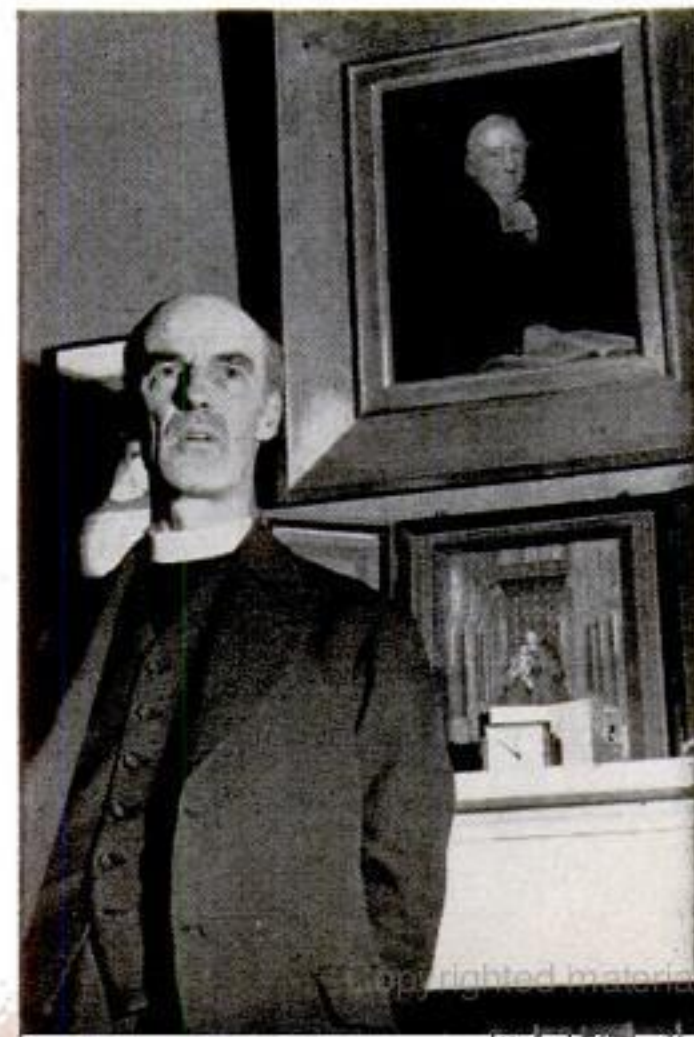
From then until the Abdication, the Archbishop was in close touch with Prime Minister Baldwin and between them they handled the affair with consummate skill. The "Constitutional Crisis" broke upon the stunned British public with full force on Tuesday, Dec. 2, with a sermon by the Bishop of Bradford, almost certainly inspired by Canterbury. From pulpits all over England, the Archbishop's trusted subordinates thundered against the King. Then, as the country recovered from the first shock and some prelates threatened to rally to the King, the Archbishop clamped down on the clergy in a general order: "Words spoken with imperfect knowledge of an extremely difficult and delicate situation can give no helpful guidance and may only mislead or confuse public thought and feeling. Silence is fitting until the ultimate decision is made known." From the pulpits on that critical weekend, no word was spoken in Edward's behalf. The King himself was given no chance to speak for himself. By Dec. 10 it was all over.

The Archbishop's handling of the Abdication was flawed only by the fact that after it he made a speech in which he called attention to the fact that the King, motivated by "a craving for private happiness," had not only "surrendered" a "high and sacred trust" but had done so "in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage" and "within a social circle whose standards and ways

In his book-lined study, filled with potted palms, the Archbishop begins his day in cassock. He is paid £15,000 (\$60,000) a year, most of which goes for household expenses. The Archbishop once described his position as "incredible, indefensible, inevitable."



The Reverend Alan Campell Don, the Archbishop's private secretary, also serves as chaplain to the House of Commons.



of life are alien to the best instincts and traditions of his people." To the sensitive English, who hate to see anyone being kicked when he is down, these dour Scotch comments seemed unsporting. They cost the Archbishop whatever popularity he might otherwise have gained from his performance.

Although large silver-framed photographs of George VI and Queen Elizabeth are on the Archbishop's desk, his cordial relations with England's present rulers are less intimate than his relations with their predecessors. The King has a deep affection for his older brother. The Queen, being a Presbyterian Scot like Cosmo Lang's father, may even feel that the piety of the Archbishop himself is less filial than it might have been.

Watchdog on Parliament

In addition to being a great business organization, the Church of England is a seething mass of intellectual and devotional argument. Scarcely a month goes by without some new facet of the ancient controversies of Protestantism being discovered or an old one revived and it is Cosmo Cantuar's job always to be on the right side in such disputes. Most important of all, he must represent the Church in legislation, seeing to it that the Church's moral and monetary rights are being safeguarded by Parliament and that Parliament never sneaks anything by which the Church would not approve. It is a tribute to Cosmo Cantuar's mastery of his job that only twice in his incumbency has anything of this sort occurred.

Once was when, over his protest, both Houses approved the "marry-your-aunt Bill" whereby male British citizens acquired the right to espouse sisters-in-law of their parents. The Archbishop warned Parliament that it had here "broken a sound principle governing the home life of the country," and would have to "abide by the consequences," of which none have so far been recorded.

The second time was when Parliament whisked through a bill last year extending the latest legal deadline for marriages from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. This time, to the astonishment of his admirers, the Archbishop, caught napping, admitted he had known nothing about the bill until after its passage. However, since Cosmo Cantuar has gone on record as being in favor of "liberating the sex impulse," it is to be doubted whether he would have objected much in any case.

Next to the Queen Mother, the Archbishop of Canterbury is probably the most assiduous opener of public ceremonies in the Empire. His royal rival leads in bazaars, charity lunches, ship-launchings and hospital fetes, but Cosmo Cantuar is at least on even terms so far as public monuments are concerned and he has almost certainly blessed more masonry than any other churchman in Christendom. The Arch-

bishop is well adapted for this sort of task by temperament and appearance. His pink, stern face, his bald head fringed with a halo of delicate white fuzz, his powerful stocky frame, his imposing manner and his sonorous voice, which gives his best wisecracks a happy incongruity, combine to make him as much the picture of the perfect prelate as Charles Evans Hughes is that of a Chief Justice.

As stage director of the Coronation of George VI, he achieved a triumph worthy, though in a different genre, of a great movie director. He had full charge of the 135-minute coronation service and decided just what words of his own and the new king's should reach the world by radio. The words he chose were those in which George pledged himself to duty and defense of the Church and the faith, rebuking by implication the reign of his brother. After the ceremony, the Archbishop was not too tired to go into a projection room and edit the entire Coronation film for release.

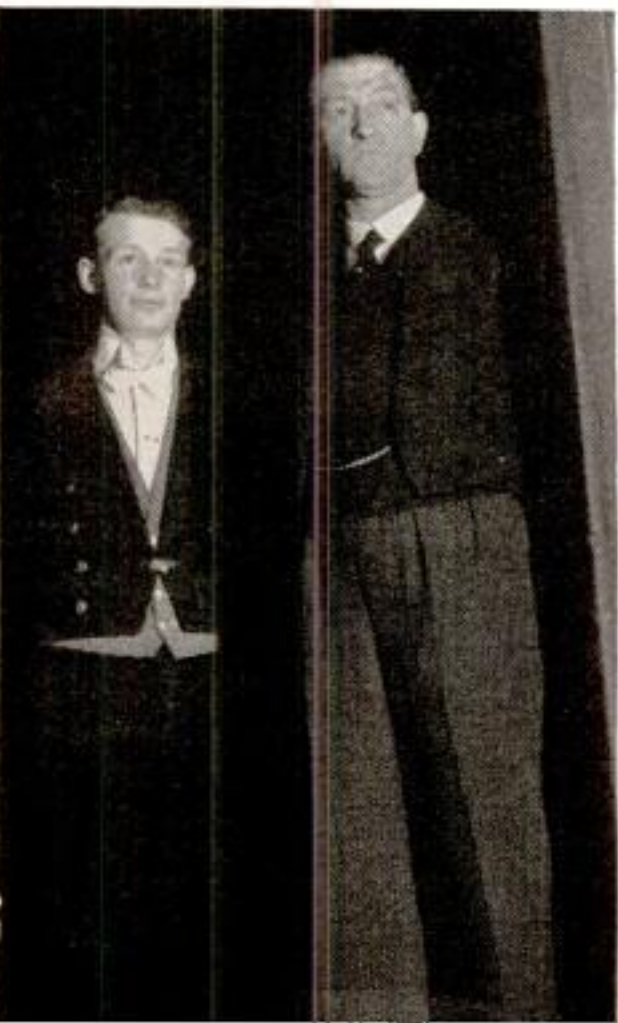
The Archbishop is also, without being a dandy, one of the best-dressed clerics of his day, a fact of no small importance in a country where men spend more than women on their clothes. Cosmo Cantuar's vestments are made for him by Mr. William Henry Adeney at 16 Sackville Street who, as England's top specialist in such matters, also tailors five other arch and some 135 ordinary bishops.

Dressing a prelate is no mean job in itself. In the first place, most clergymen, from fear of seeming vain, are reluctant to express preference about style and quality, leaving all this to Mr. Adeney. In the second place, the kind of clothes required for court, professional and civilian duties are practically limitless. When an Archbishop goes to court, he should wear, in addition to underclothes, a "purple cloth court coat, seven notched holes on each front, with a silk button at the end of each hole; round cuffs with three notched holes and buttons; six buttons behind, i.e. two at the waist, two at the bottom of skirts and two midway. Pointed pocket flaps, with three buttons under each flap. Under the coat, a short cassock (or apron) and sash of purple silk. Black breeches, stockings and shoes (as with convocation robes: i.e. black breeches with silver knee buckles, black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles). Black corded silk three-cornered hat." Cosmo Cantuar has always shown implicit confidence in Adeney who is 78 and visits Lambeth Palace when summoned to replenish his most distinguished client's wardrobe. The primate is particular about his clothes but has few idiosyncrasies. He seldom bothers with fittings and would never dream of embarrassing his tailor, as did one of his colleagues a year or two ago, by demanding a pair of purple trousers.

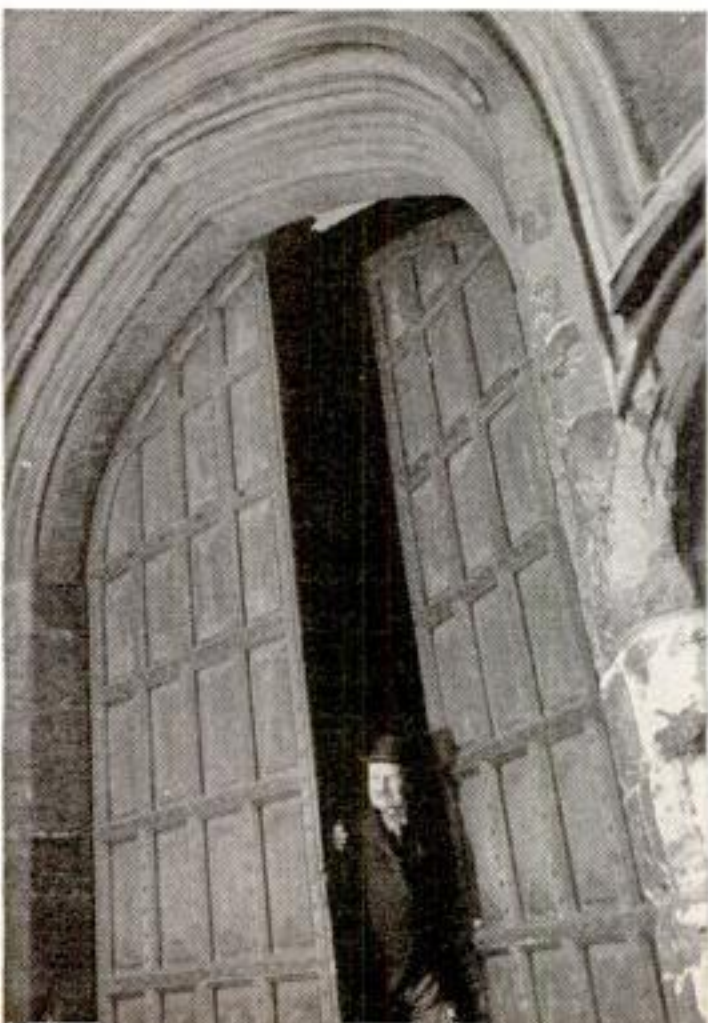
Separated by the Thames from the Houses of Parliament and by a high brick wall from one of London's most dismal slums, Lambeth Palace is stronger on comfort than beauty. Even so, it lacks a furnace and has only four bathrooms. Within the palace grounds, how-

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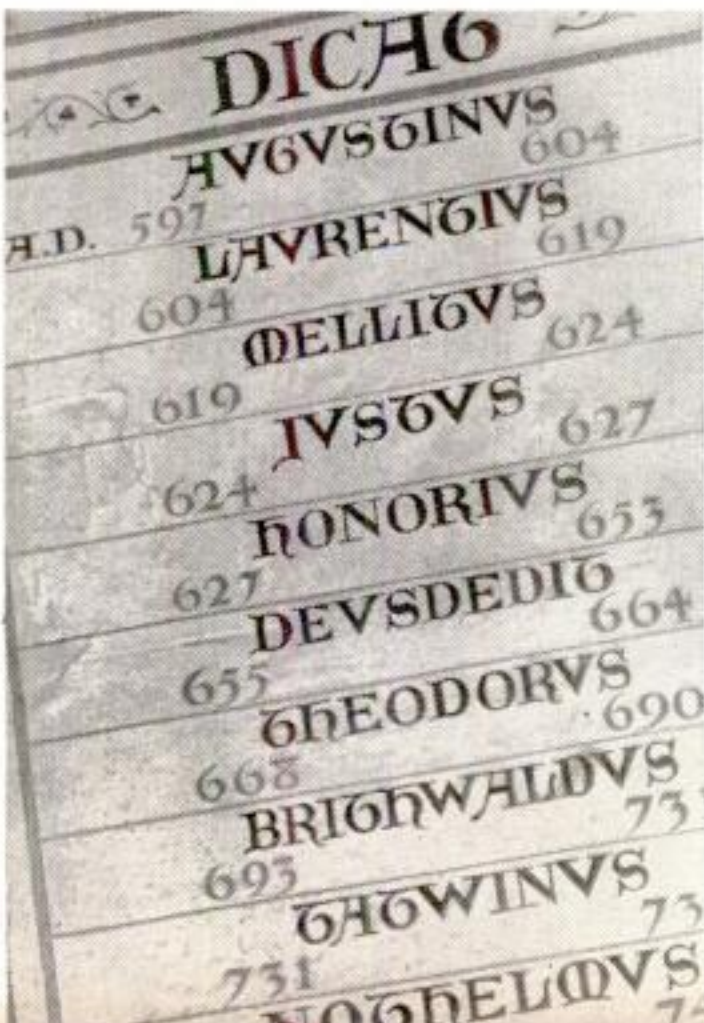
First Butler James McDade (right) and Ronald Maund, the first footman, are two of the Archbishop's many servants.



Gatekeeper Francis Woodward stands at Lambeth Palace's main gate, built two years before Columbus discovered America.



List of past archbishops, starting with St. Augustine in 597, is inscribed on wall near chapel. Dr. Cosmo Lang is the 94th in line.



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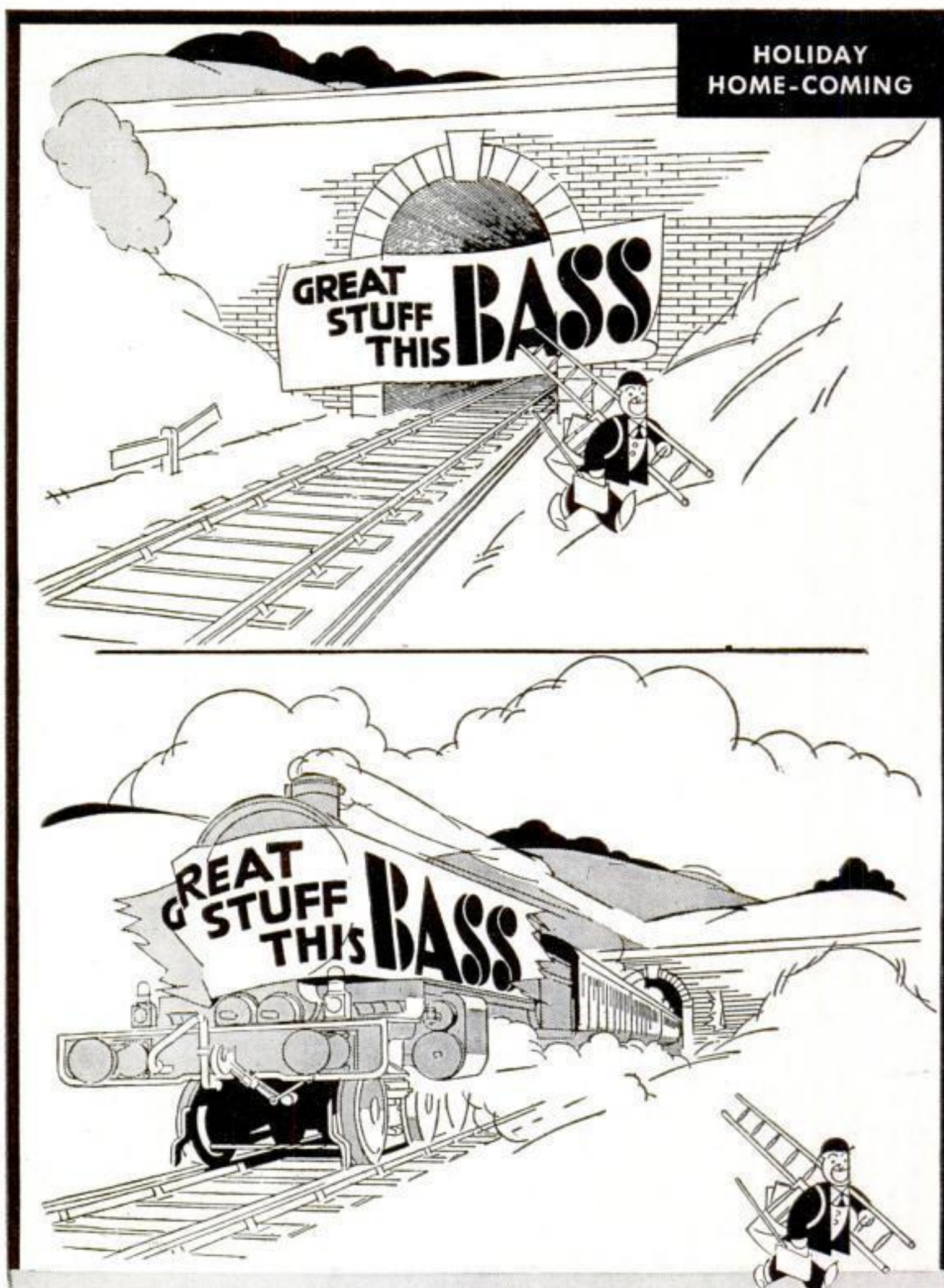
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ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (continued)

ever, the mixture of the incredibly ancient and the reasonably new somehow produces an effect of permanence so complete as to be almost alarming. It was in the same garden that now harbors the Arch-blimp that Archbishop Laud in 1633 released a tortoise which outlived him by 108 years, dying in 1753 "by the neglect of a gardener." Laud himself, who was beheaded, is now buried at St. John's in Oxford but the turtle's shell, preserved in glass, is an esteemed addition to Lambeth Palace's interior decor. Like the portraits of all Cosmo Cantuar's predecessors since 1532, it has now been moved down to the cellar, against the possibility of bombs.

Four bells for His Grace

Cosmo Cantuar's daily routine is little changed by the war. He gets up about 7, attends chapel, has breakfast and devotes his morning to correspondence and callers, both previously sorted for him by his two resident chaplains. After a light lunch, he may drive across Westminster Bridge to the House of Lords, or, on afternoons when Parliament is not sitting, attend some public function or make a speech. He has a Lanchester limousine for town and an Armstrong-Siddeley limousine for country trips. When the Archbishop leaves Lambeth Palace, his butler, James McDade, rings a bell three times to notify the gatekeeper, Francis Woodward, to clear the drive outside. When the car actually starts to move, the bell rings once more. Woodward then opens the gates which, though they antedate the discovery of America by two years, squeak only a little, and Cosmo Cantuar is rolled, usually at about 25 m.p.h., out into the great world.

After tea in his study at 5, the Archbishop usually writes more letters. Before dinner he changes to evening canonical dress, a purple cassock for dining alone or a purple dress coat, black breeches with silver buckles, black silk stockings and buckled shoes for more formal occasions. The Puritan tradition so strong in U. S. Protestantism has never made much headway in the Church of England, where parsons habitually ride to hounds, play golf, write books and mingle with sophisticated company. No one in London finds it at all strange that Cosmo Cantuar should not only change for dinner but also appreciate a good glass of port or claret and be numbered among the town's five best after-dinner speakers. It would be unfair to suggest that "Cosmo" or "the Arch," as he is informally known, is a worldly man, but he enjoys living well and has the means—a salary of £15,000 a year—to do it. For his weekends, like all Londoners who can afford it, the Archbishop goes to the country. He usually preaches, not at Canterbury Cathedral but at one of the small country churches in his diocese.

One of the Archbishop's ceremonial jaunts took him to a Yorkshire chocolate factory where he was given a boisterous greeting by the women employees. Afterwards he said: "The mere sight and sound of those girls stirred up all the instincts of my youth and I found, as I constantly find, that the instincts of youth within me are very much alive, and very little subdued by the passage of years."

Canterbury Cathedral is a bit of a problem to the Archbishop because, while it is the Archbishop's church, it also has a Dean who shines in his own right. The embarrassment arises from the fact that the present Dean of Canterbury, the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, is an ardent Communist fellow traveler. The Church of Eng-



Peak of Archbishop's career was Coronation of George VI in 1937 when he lifted up the crown and placed it on George's head. He fumbled the heavy crown and his hands trembled but his voice was strong. Later he edited the newsreels of the scene.

land, being a national organization, makes allowances for doctrinal deviations unthinkable in a tight U. S. denomination. The Archbishop must put up not only with Dr. Johnson's close presence but with the fact that dullards and foreigners actually confuse the two. The Archbishop himself, even in the days when he was preaching slum clearance, at Oxford in the 1880's, was no radical, and Lambeth Palace is not an atmosphere conducive to violently progressive thinking. Cosmo Cantuar, who was burned in effigy several years ago as a protest against the Church's refusal to lower rents on its Byswater tenements, can nowadays less than ever be described as an iconoclast. When Hewlett Johnson, shortly after the Russian partition of Poland, told a London congregation in Westminster Abbey that Communism was, in effect, the Christianity of the future, the Archbishop made no comment but his intimates knew that he was deeply pained.

Which side is God on?

A more pressing problem than the Dean of Canterbury is the part God is to play in this war. In 1914 God, if He did anything, fought on both sides. The Kaiser claimed his assistance as strongly as the British clergy and referred to "God, who by my mouth commands you to execute His will." Cosmo Cantuar, although he preached war, had the courage to suggest that the epithets used to describe his old friend the Kaiser were "gross and vulgar." Since the last War, the Church of England has turned strongly pacifist and this time there is strong feeling that God should remain neutral.

The strongest utterance by the Primate of All England, made in Westminster Abbey at the very start of the war, was that "the whole people of the United Kingdom, as they enter upon the terrible ordeal of war, may be able to join together as one company in committing the national life and cause to Almighty God." In subsequent public pronouncements, he requested that conscientious objectors be given fair treatment and spared humiliation; that the Government stop spreading fear by exaggerated precautions; and that something be done to enable evacuated wives to rejoin their husbands, in the interest of the nation's homelife. The Archbishop, though a bachelor, has always been solicitous for British homelife. He is on record as believing that "the best and greatest career for girls is that of making an English, Christian home," and his advice to wives is "keep an eye on your husband but don't nag."

The war has saddened Cosmo Cantuar but he has lived through three major ones already, and it has not thrown him off his stride. His reaction has been characteristic of a man whose heart has never been worn on his sleeve and whose long life has been a nice and human blend of pomposity and grace, of humility and *savoir-vivre*. On the third morning of the war, an air-raid warning sent all London scurrying underground at daybreak. The Archbishop, who was dressing at the time, clambered down into Lambeth crypt without dismay. He found his half-hour stay more dull than disturbing. To help its occupants while away time during future air raids, the Archbishop has since had Lambeth crypt equipped with a phonograph and a stack of records including: *Songs from Tannhäuser*, *The Meanderings of Monty* and *Villikins and His Dinah—Some Folks Like to Sigh*.

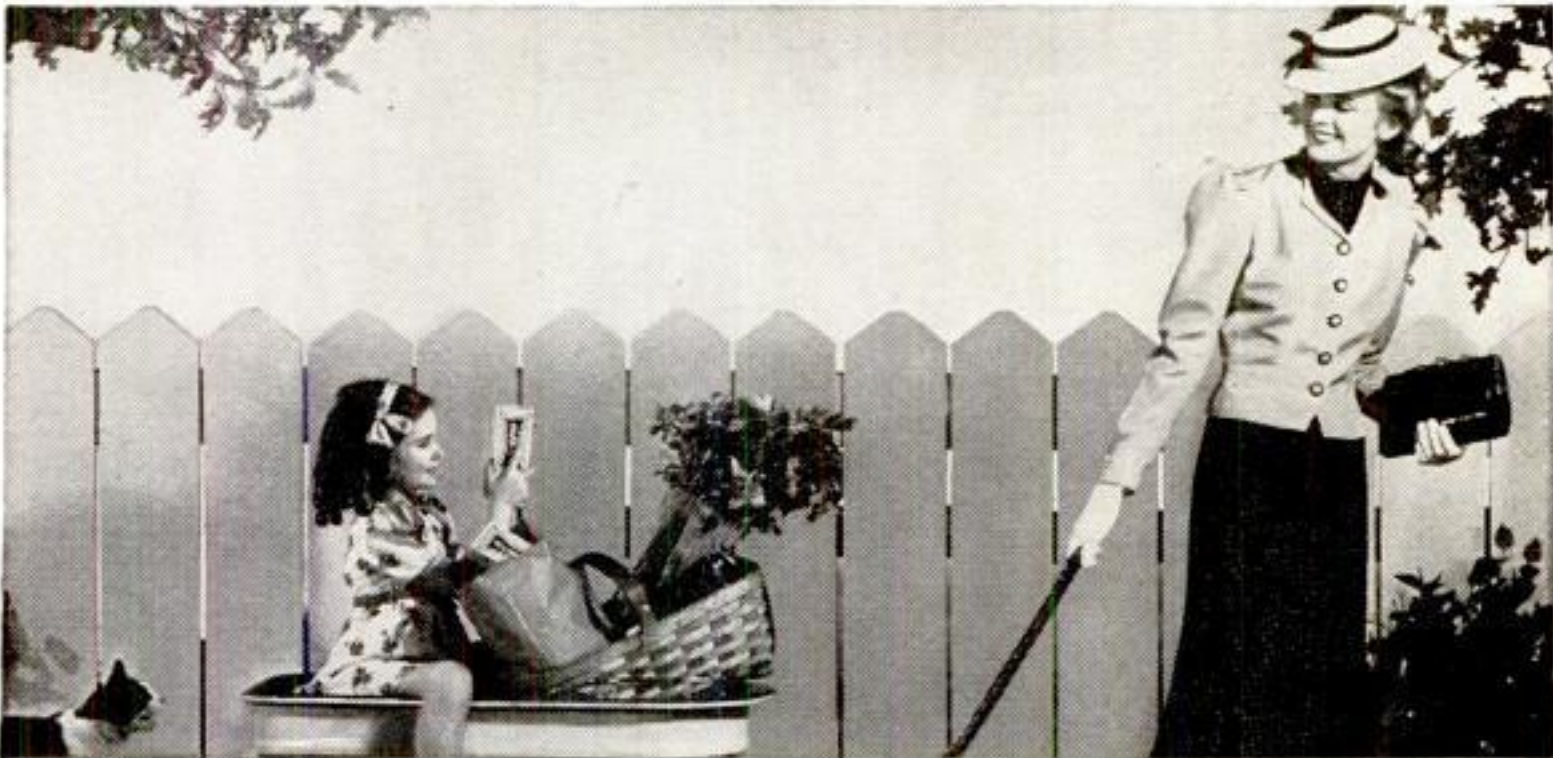


To 3,500 German-Jewish refugees at Camp Kitchener in England, the Archbishop recently said: "Fifty years ago I shared the life of a German University and that increases my desire that that great country be set free from its present rulers."

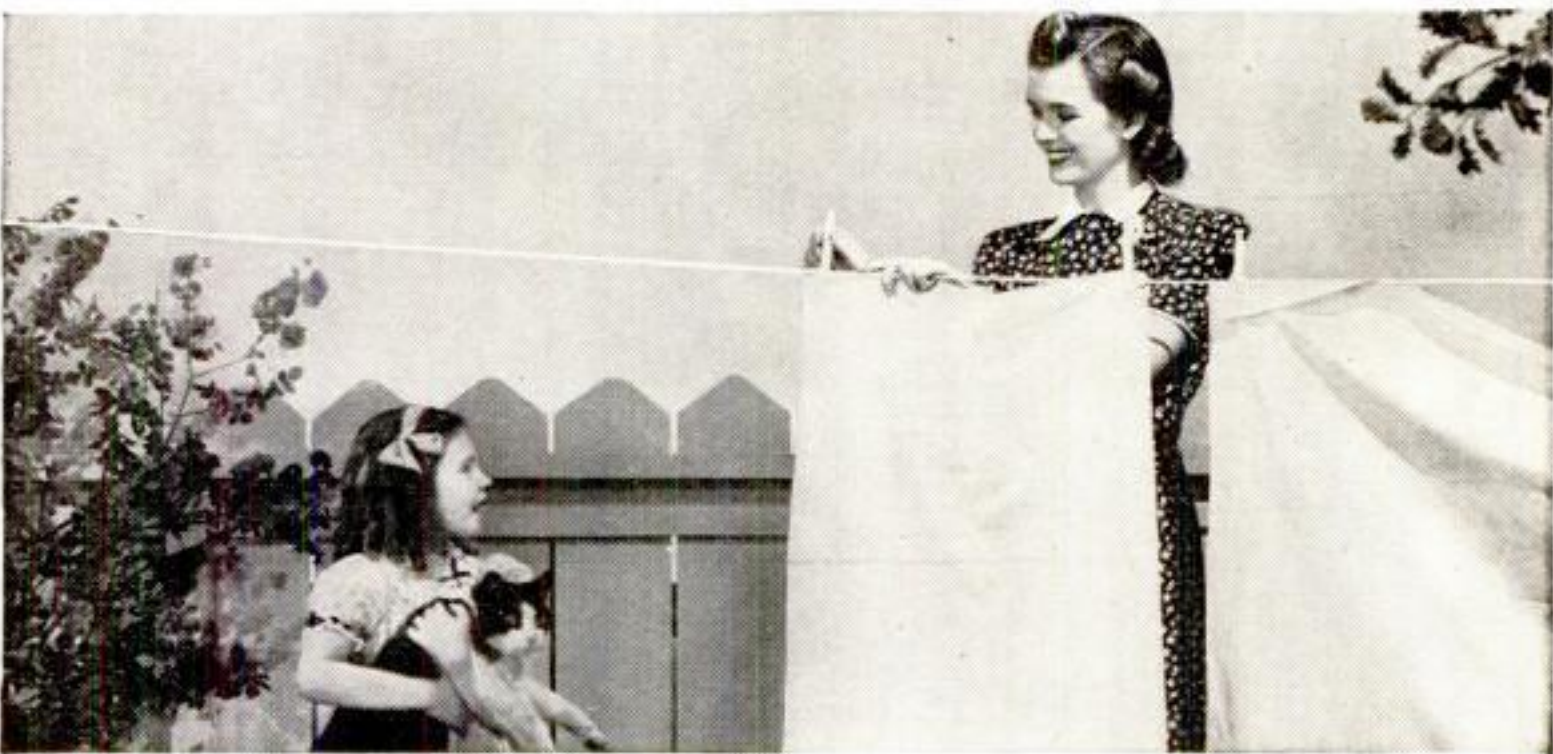
HOW TO LAUGH AT SNOOPERS



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*Latest figure, 19,800,000 audience each week—scientifically established and reported by the Continuing Study of Magazine Audiences.



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IN A CLEAR COLD DAWN, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SNOW, COWBOY TOMMY RUPERT RIDES OUT OVER THE PLATEAU TO LOOK FOR NEW ELK TRAILS. ELEVATION HERE IS 10,000 FT.

Life goes on a New Mexican Elk Hunt

In snow and cold, sportsmen kill three bulls

Winter comes early on the windy plateaus of northern New Mexico. By Thanksgiving, the snow on the high mountain passes above Cimarron is drifting lower, and elk, deer and coyotes, having spent the summer near the timberline, come down from the hills to forage for food. It is then that the hunting season begins.

Day after Thanksgiving, LIFE Photographer Robert Capa flew to Cimarron for an elk hunt in the Colorado mountains. Hunters were ranch owners, cowboys and rich sportsmen like Bob Six, president of Continental Air Lines, and Aubrey Keif of Texaco. Main camp was Lyle Brush's Vallejo Dude Ranch, 17 miles from Cimarron. From there, with 14 horses to carry food, rifles and equipment, the hunters climbed up to 12,000 ft. in the mountains. At night, they put up in

AFTER FIRING TWO SHOTS AT 300 YD., TOMMY RUPERT RUNS TO SEE WHETHER ELK HAS FALLEN



AS DYING ELK FALLS, RIGHT FORELEG GETS CAUGHT IN ANTLER





AFTER FIRING, 55-YEAR-OLD GEORGE TURNER, ONE OF BEST HUNTERS IN NEW MEXICO, RACES TO FIND GAME. SOME GUNS USED FOR ELK HUNTING HAVE TELESCOPIC SIGHTS

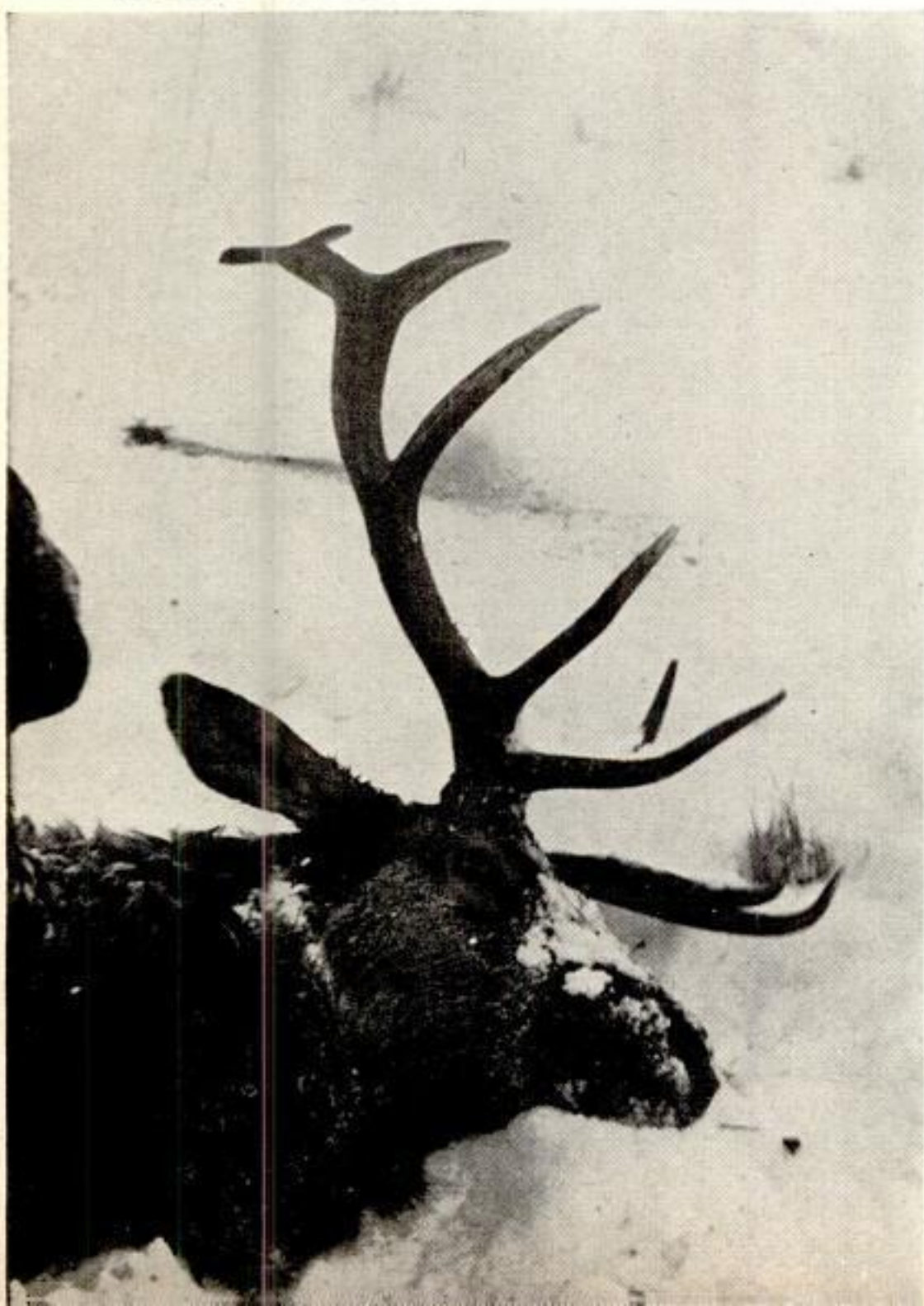
deserted sheep ranchers' huts. By day, they hunted the southern slopes of Costilla Peak. Much of the time it snowed. Always it was cold. But the hunting was good and the hunters had plenty of fun. In eight days they killed a few coyotes, six mule deer and three bull elk.

They were lucky to shoot as many as three elk. Once there were millions of these "wapiti," as the Shawnee Indians called them, roaming the U. S. in large herds, and their challenge bugle, which sounds like an English locomotive whistle, was a familiar sound to every hunter. They were among the most beautiful of all animals, weighing 900 lb., with big, twisting antlers. Because they had an amazingly keen sense of hearing and in timber could outrun the fastest horse, they

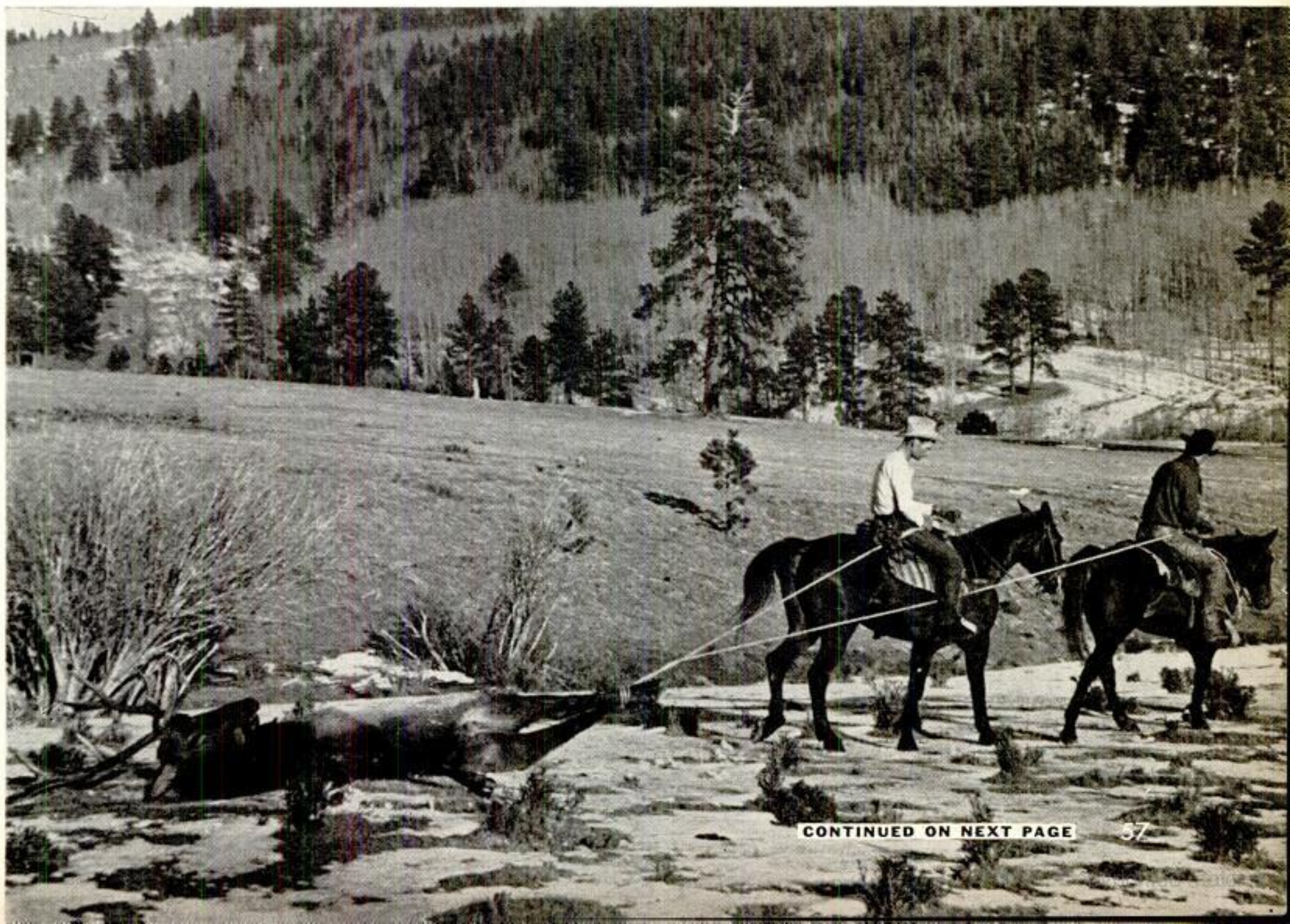
were hard to hunt. But inevitably, as civilization spread, they were killed off, sometimes for food, sometimes for Indian decoration, sometimes for their large front teeth, which the fraternal order of Elks use as emblems.

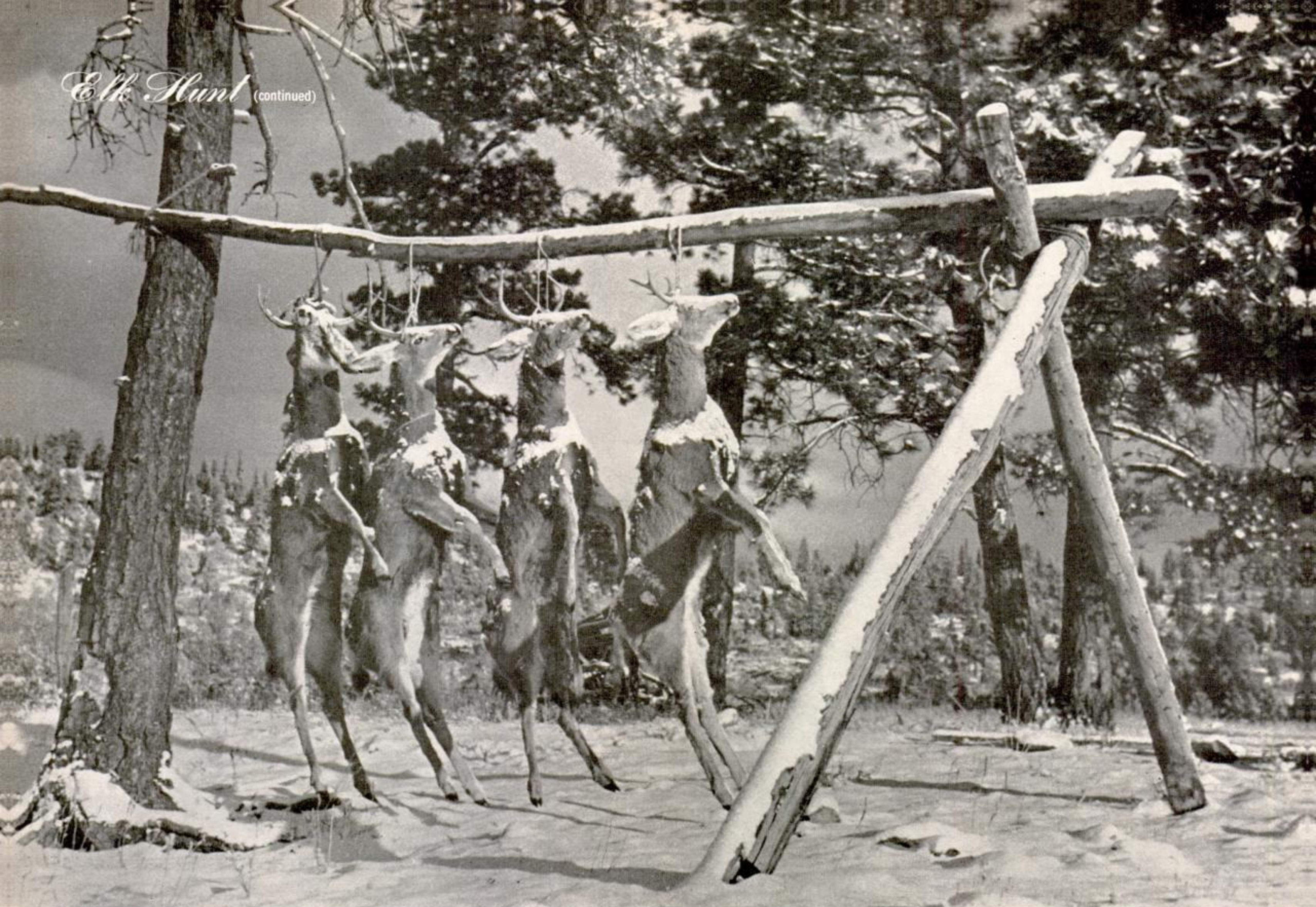
Today there are scarcely more than 200,000 elk left in all the U. S., most of them in Wyoming, near Jackson Hole, a Government game preserve, where they are fed and kept alive during winter. In New Mexico, the last native elk was killed 40 years ago, and it was not until 15 years ago, after 100 elk had been imported from Yellowstone Park, that there was any elk shooting at all. Today northern New Mexico has about 4,500 elk, but the few hunters who brave the snow and cold to climb the mountains are allowed to shoot only one of the animals a year.

RUPERT'S BIG BULL ELK LIES DYING IN THE SNOW



COWBOYS AND COW PONIES SLOWLY DRAG RUPERT'S ELK DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE TO WAITING TRUCKS





↑ **Mule deer**, hung out front of an overnight cabin, are quickly coated with snow. This kind of deer gets its name from its long ears. Because of its large, well-developed antlers, it is easily mistaken for an elk. LIFE's hunters did not make this mistake.

↓ **After the day's hunt**, cowboys and ranchers sit inside the cabin, smoke their pipes, drink strong whisky, tell tall stories. Best story this hunt was how Photographer Capa's horse ran away on a wild ride down mountain to get pictures of an elk.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

IMOGENE'S KNOTS

Sirs:

How would you like to be welcomed home after a hard day's work by finding your little daughter tied in a knot? It often happens to me.

My little girl Imogene can bend her spinal column into a circle, backward or forward, and finds it easy to get into any of the positions shown in these pictures. What's more, she can get out of them!

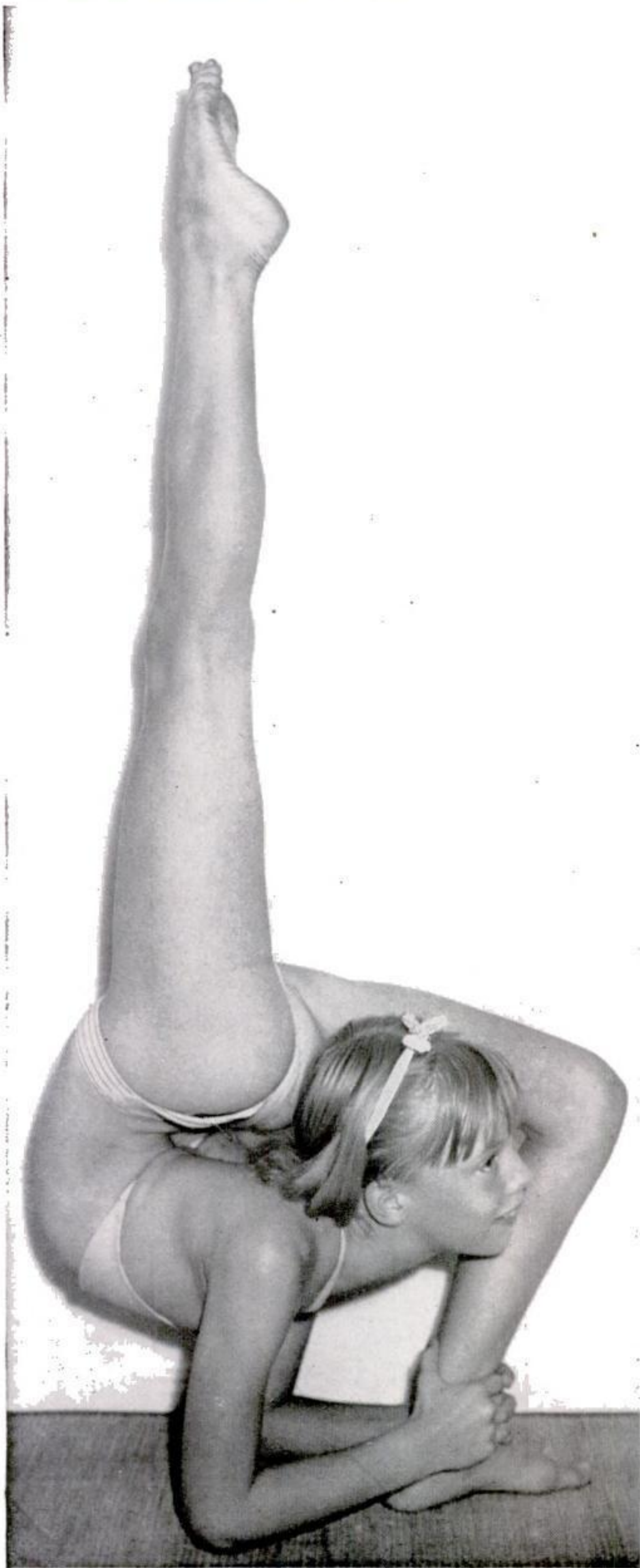
Her talent was first noticed when she

was a baby. One night we discovered her asleep in her crib with her feet nestled close to her head. At the age of 2 she liked to walk around on all fours in a back-bend position. After that we gave her special training in acrobatics.

Imogene is 10 years old, gets good grades in her 5-B class at Humboldt School, is as normal and natural physically as any of her schoolmates. She plans and thinks only of a stage or screen career.

OLIVER WINCHESTER

Alton, Ill.



RESTING ON ELBOWS, SHE BRINGS LEFT LEG TO FLOOR, WITH RIGHT LEG ERECT



SHE DID THIS BACK BEND AT AGE 6



ON BACKLESS CHAIR, HEAD THROUGH LEGS



FEW ACROBATIC DANCERS CAN PLACE THEIR LEGS COMPLETELY FORWARD LIKE THIS



CHIN ON FLOOR, SHE PERFORMS THE PERFECT LEG DIVIDE



IMOGENE BENDS SPINE, LEGS AND ARMS ALL IN ONE POSE



"May guid luck follow ye
An—no maittur how fast ye gae—
May it always keep oop wi' ye."

"May good luck follow you
And—no matter how fast you go—
May it always keep up with you."



There's one thing special about having Teacher's Scotch around during the holidays: You don't have to feel apologetic about it. Every guest, visitor or dropper-in respects that ancient name—and your good taste. Take pride as you give pleasure, this holiday season—by serving Teacher's Scotch.

It's the flavour



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SCOTCH WHISKY

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NEW YORK CITY - IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

PENNY-CATCHER

Sirs:

Six-year-old Judy Kanthor observed that her father, a parking-station owner, brought home at night all the pennies he had taken in during the day. Last year she started saving the day's supply from Dad's change pocket. Soon she trans-

ferred her hoard to a large display-size soft-drink bottle. Last week her father toted the heavy penny-catcher to the bank and opened an account in Judy's name. First deposit: \$77.34.

RALPH AMDURSKY

Democrat & Chronicle
Rochester, N. Y.



EYES

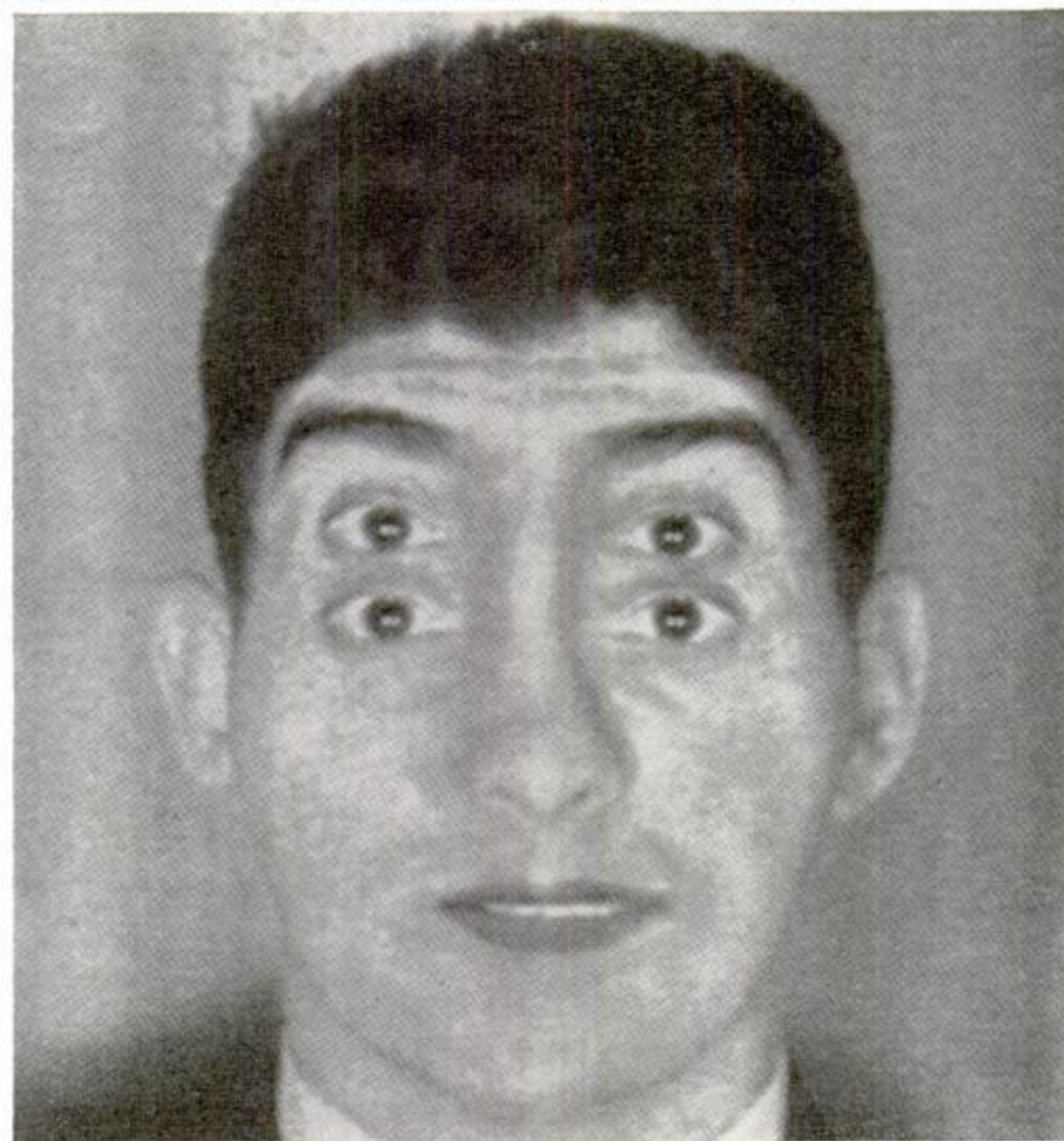
Sirs:

This is a unique trick of photography—myself with four eyes! This picture has caused a riot of laughs with friends here

and I thought your readers might like to see it too. I don't advise looking at it too long or too intently!

LOUIS MALDONADO

San Francisco, Calif.



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LIFE'S PICTURES



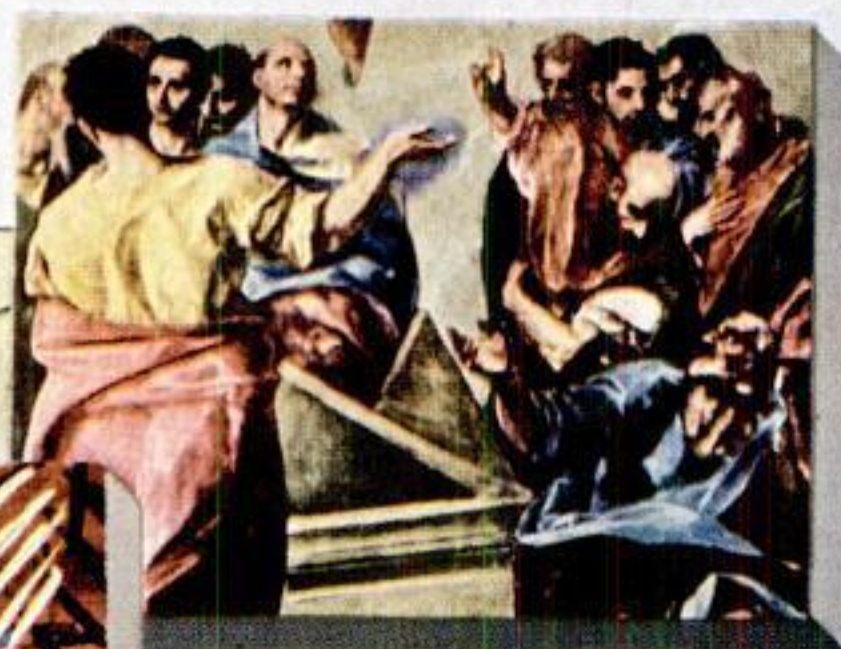
The young man with a horse (above) is Photographer Robert Capa, whose amazing pictures of the Spanish Civil War appear in the book *Death in the Making*. In spite of his world-wide experiences, Capa had never done any riding until LIFE sent him to New Mexico to photograph an elk hunt (see pp. 56-58). For eight days, Capa virtually lived on a horse. Once, when he was racing down a mountainside to get a picture of a hunter shooting an elk, his horse tried to run away. On the trip, Capa, who has spent most of his life photographing European wars, learned to admire the American West, particularly its cowboys. Says he: "They are big, tough and healthy and have so much fun at whatever they are doing. They don't really give a damn what is happening in Europe."

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4, 5, 6—W. HEATH ROBINSON in "THE SKETCH"
9, 10—KARGER-PIX
11—KARGER-PIX exc. t. rt. VICTOR BARRON—ATLANTA JOURNAL
12, 13—SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
14—A. P.—H. & E.—THOS. D. MCAVOY—ACME
15—GEORGE STROCK
16, 17—Diagrams by B. G. SEIELSTAD exc. bot. lt. A. P.
18—BRASSAI from B. S.
19—P. I.
20, 21—P. I. exc. t. lt. MATCH and cen. lt. A. P.
22, 23—"NEWS OF THE DAY" NEWSREEL from INT. exc. t. lt. map by TOBIAS MOSS and CHARLES TUDOR
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50, 51—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
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Art in **LIFE** for 1940



*D*uring the year that lies ahead, LIFE will extend its program of commissioning America's outstanding painters to record for LIFE on canvas their own interpretations of great scenes from America's recent history . . .

LIFE will continue to show its readers the art treasures that lie in America's foremost museums as well as the work of contemporary artists in both North and South America today . . .

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PARAMOUNT'S lyrical, laughable, lovable epic of Lilliput Land

A Full-Length Cartoon Motion Picture **IN TECHNICOLOR!**

Produced by Max Fleischer • Directed by Dave Fleischer



Gabby, the town crier



King Little and King Bombo



Prince David and Princess Glory



Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch



Twinkletoes

With the amazing adventure of Jonathan Swift's famous character—the shipwrecked Gulliver in Lilliput Land as a theme, this grandest of all full length cartoon pictures, blends uproarious comedy, charming romance, and heart tingling tunes into the most wonderful two hours of entertainment the screen has ever known.

Prince David and Princess Glory are the gayest of lovers. King Little and King Bombo are the most amusing of monarchs. Gabby, the town crier, is the bravest coward who ever ran away to fight again another day. Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch, King Bombo's three spies, are such frightful fellows they frighten themselves. Twinkletoes is a bird of a carrier pigeon.

And the whole population of Lilliput Land are as wonderful as the adventures into which they lead their giant friend, Gulliver... as wonderful as the Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger's grandest hit songs, "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear A Dream," and a whole quintet more... as wonderful as this most wonderful of all screen delights.



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